The Last Porno Show by Robert Sam Anson

The Dolphins Win a Round by Stephen Singular

Losing the Peace in Vietnam by Robert Shrum

8-13

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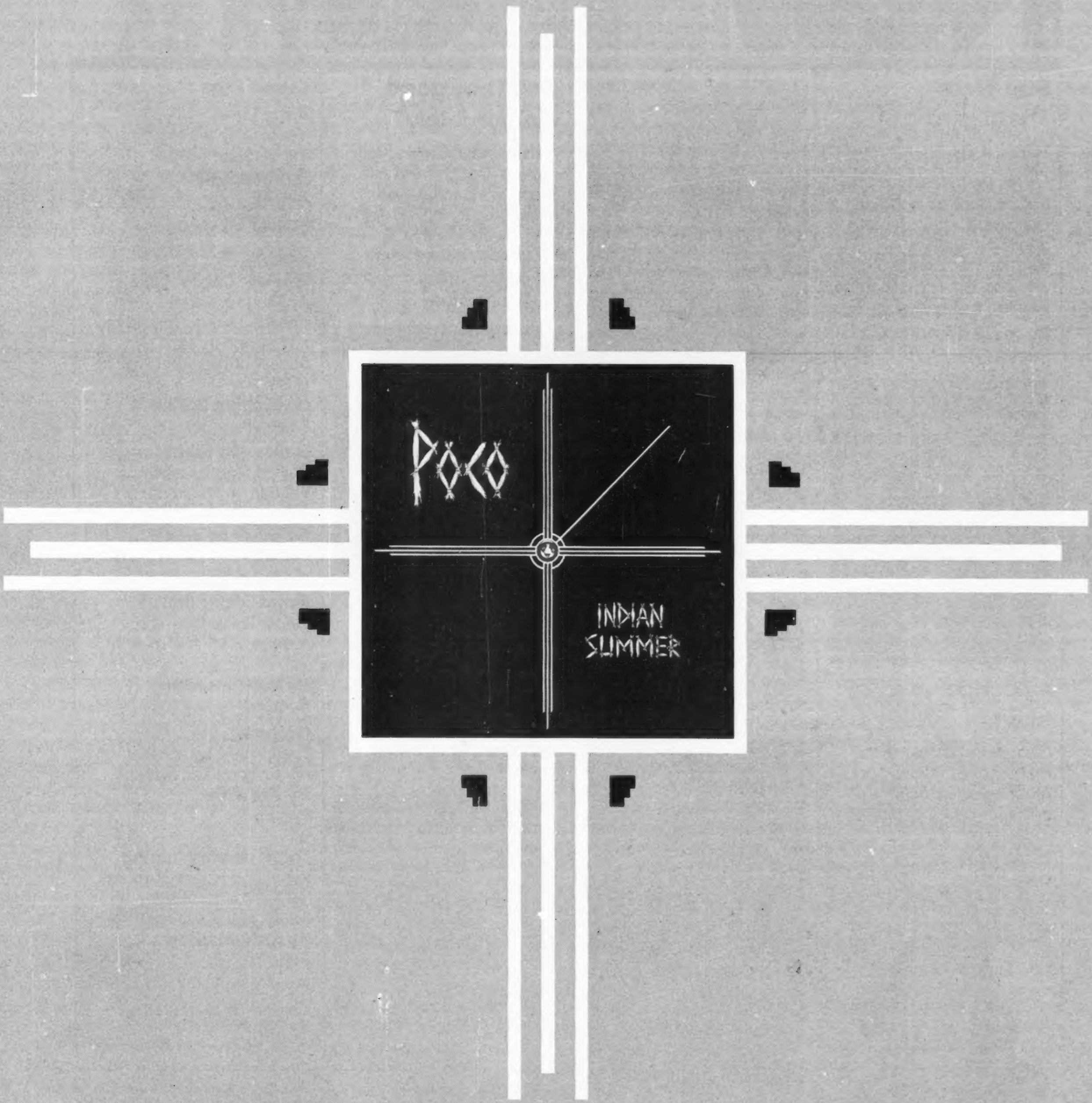
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New Times
JUNE 24, 1977
VOLUME 8, NUMBER 13

Star Wars

The gleaming of America

Forget Paul Newman, Robert Redford goodbye. Hollywood's new dynamic duo is a couple of kind-hearted computers who are helping us learn to love technology.

By Jesse Kornbluth
Page 24

A cool look at a hot 'star'

George Lucas' film is the marriage of creative and mechanical virtuosity that is the American capitalist ideal.

By Richard Corliss
Page 30

Three witnesses

The stories of a baron, a gunrunner and a Cuban refugee may lead to the solution of the J.F.K. assassination.

By Dick Russell
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Sorry, Charlie

The U.S. fishing fleet is out catching tuna now. But for weeks the ships were at the docks, waiting out the storm to save the dolphin.

By Stephen Singular
Page 38

Read any good clothes lately?

Halston hats, Calvin Klein tennies, Lapidus cravats, Bloomie's panties—all make up a syllogism of the '70s: I wear Yves St. Laurent, therefore I am.

By Paul Slansky
Page 44

The last porno show

"We weren't having sex," the little boy explained. "He just went down on me, then I went down on him."

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Any reader caught cheating will be forced to sit through three consecutive screenings of *Hitler*.
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Letters

Esprit de Corps

I feel it necessary to vent my total disgust for the KKK and also to praise the writer capable of arousing a normally apathetic reader into taking time out of the daily routine to comment on such horrible conditions in the Marine Corps ("The Marine Corps builds Klansmen," May 27). Judging by Roger Rapoport's depiction of KKK members, I get the distinct impression that these recruits are sadistic and twisted, to say the least. The KKK people espouse the time-worn cliches of Racial Purity and White Supremacy as propagandized by Hitler and his cohorts. Unless this band of deluded misfits is disrupted, I believe their actions could have a strong enough impact on others, leading to an upswing in violent actions by innocent bystanders of all racial dominations.

J.W. Decker
Amarillo, Texas

Although I know nothing about what goes on in the armed forces these days, I was in the navy during World War II. Your cover portrayal of the marines raising the flag on Iwo Jima, wearing KKK hoods, was a defamation and an insult to the flag, the men who raised it, the men and women who served under it and to a picture that was considered the best picture taken during World War II.

Floyd Kirkham
San Francisco, California

Permanent, institutionalized, high unemployment among poor uneducated young men of all races is the governmentally guided bulldozer that shovels sad casualities of the affluent society into the "volunteer" armed services. The Marine Corps, which no longer has a rational wartime mission, and is dominated by sadistic, inbred officers and senior non-com cadre, is the least attractive of these services.

The real villain is the Corps itself, and that is why the San Diego Chapter of the ACLU is representing Klan marines in their suit against the Corps, alleging deprivation of due process and denial of First Amendment rights.

It is neither coincidental nor a departure from Corps form that the marine most tragically deprived of civil rights recently was Lynn McClure, a mentally handicapped, 125-pound, illegally recruited Caucasian recruit, who was beaten to death with pugel sticks last year by other recruits, under the eyes of two drill instructors, one black and one Chicano.

Dennis T. Shanahan
San Diego, California

If you knew Susie

How sharper than a serpent's tooth! In Richard Corliss' May 13 review of Woody Allen's film *Annie Hall*, he refers to "ten-year-old Amy Levitan's five seconds . . . already deposited in my memory bank, for frequent future reference." What a blow to my daughter (nine-year-old Susan Mellinger) who, in fact, delivered that icy "I'm into leather" with the elan of a young Bette Davis. Our family pride demands that your memory bank be reprogrammed.

Mark Mellinger
Brooklyn, New York

Editor's Note: Richard Corliss apologizes for his computer breakdown, and agrees that genius must be recognized, as well as the parental soil from which it sprang.

No negatives for Nim

James Kunen's Slow Down, on lying ("Wisdom of the apes," May 13), states that a chimp can use sign language to say "no." This is in variance with the facts as reported to *New Times*. Nim, the subject of our study, does not know the sign for "no." The closest he comes to making a negative statement is occasionally shaking his head. Mastering the negative is a feat that has not yet been demonstatrated in any of the linguistic chimps.

Considering the premise of the article, I find this factual error ironic, to say the least.

H. S. Terrace
Professor of Psychology
Columbia University
New York City

No nukes is good nukes

After reading "Mahatma Gandhi goes to Seabrook" (May 27), I put some Arlo Guthrie on the box and put on my "Democracy For The Economy" T-shirt. Thanks for a fine piece of journalism.

Keith Howard
8th Infantry Division, U.S. Army
Bad Kreuznach, Germany

ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

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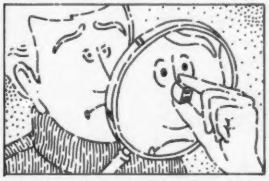

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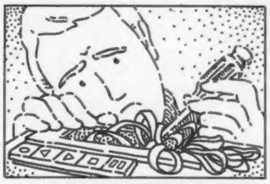

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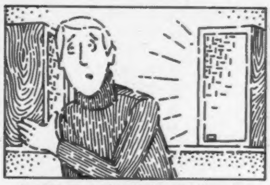

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Three cheers for the Clamshell Alliance and Steve Diamond's article. Those people who are working to "protect the future of our planet" deserve great respect. I wonder how many others would have liked to have shown up at Seabrook on May Day, but did not for lack of courage to stick out such an ordeal.

Many groups believe work on nuclear power plants should be halted until more research and testing is done—essentially, until a "foolproof" nuclear reactor system is developed. I doubt that any system built and run by human beings can be foolproof—especially one of such magnitude and deadly nature.

Nukes should be completely eliminated from the range of possibilities for new sources of power. We *must* learn to drastically cut down on our use of energy. It seems too many have forgotten that life comes first.

Charla M. Keck
Troy, New York

Multi-use takeover

I could not read Mike Edelhart's Final Tribute (May 27) to our wilderness areas without making some futher comment. Anyone who has ever been to a National Park during prime season, or to any easily accessible section of a National Forest, Primitive or Wilderness Area cannot deny their overuse and abuse. But we have lost hundreds of thousands of acres of real wilderness because of the National Forest Service's "multi-use" program. Simply stated, multi-use means that areas are set aside not only for recreation but for logging, mining, sheep and cattle grazing and other purposes. Naturally, the result of multi-use had to be the construction of roads. And it is the road that has sounded the death knell.

No, Mr. Edelhart, you have met the enemy, but he ain't me! Better take another look, maybe even at those corporate bears you feel so sorry for.

Patrick Flood
Charlottesville, Virginia

Photo pas

As we reported in "Don't try to laugh along with Lily Tomlin" (May 27), Jane Wagner is Tomlin's "creative alter ego, best friend and collaborator." But that doesn't mean she's the only person who gets to put her arm around Lily; the woman we identified as Wagner in the photo on page 57 of that issue is in fact Phyllis Della, Tomlin's hairdresser. A wire service gave us the misinformation. Our apologies to all.

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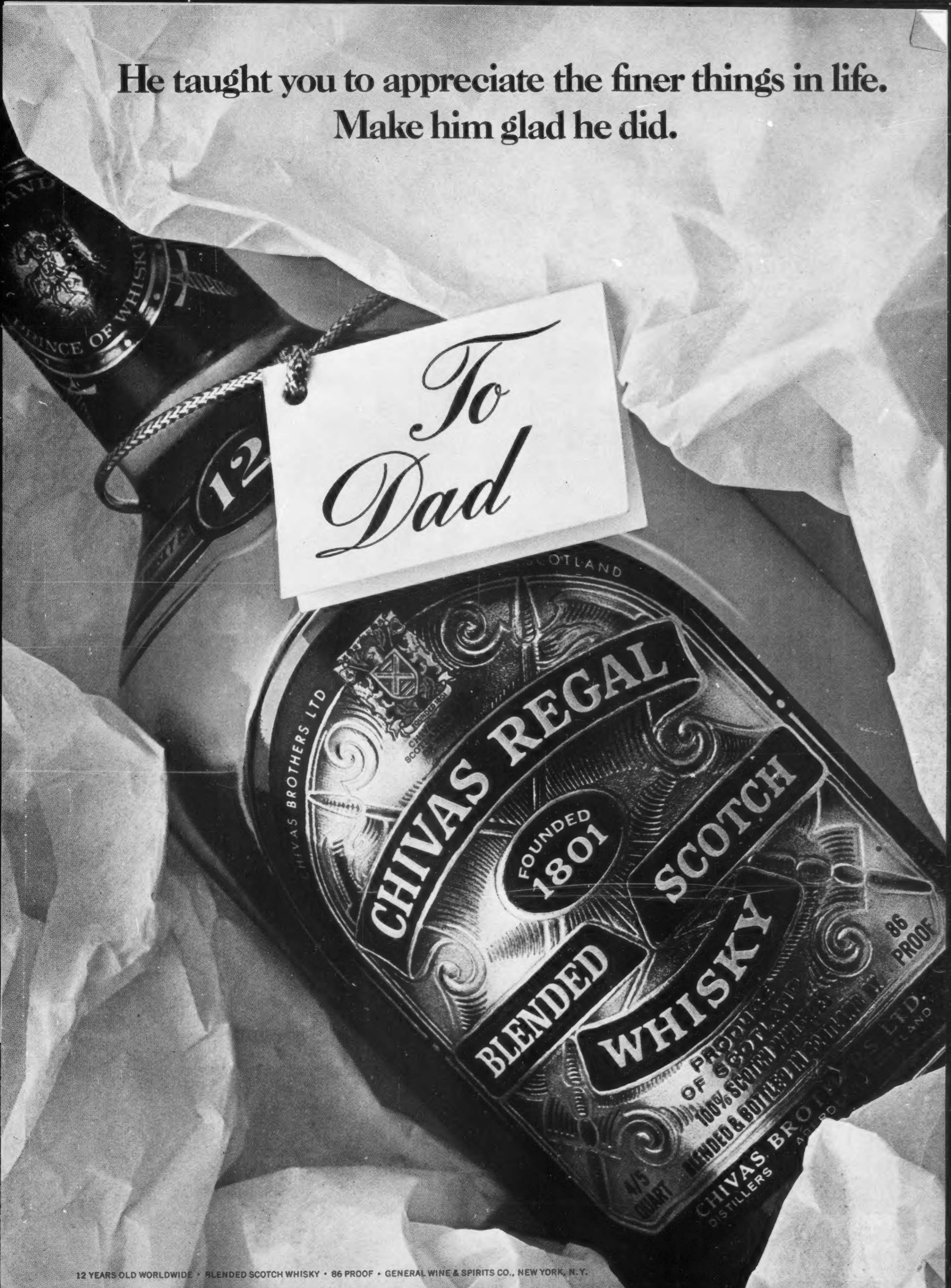
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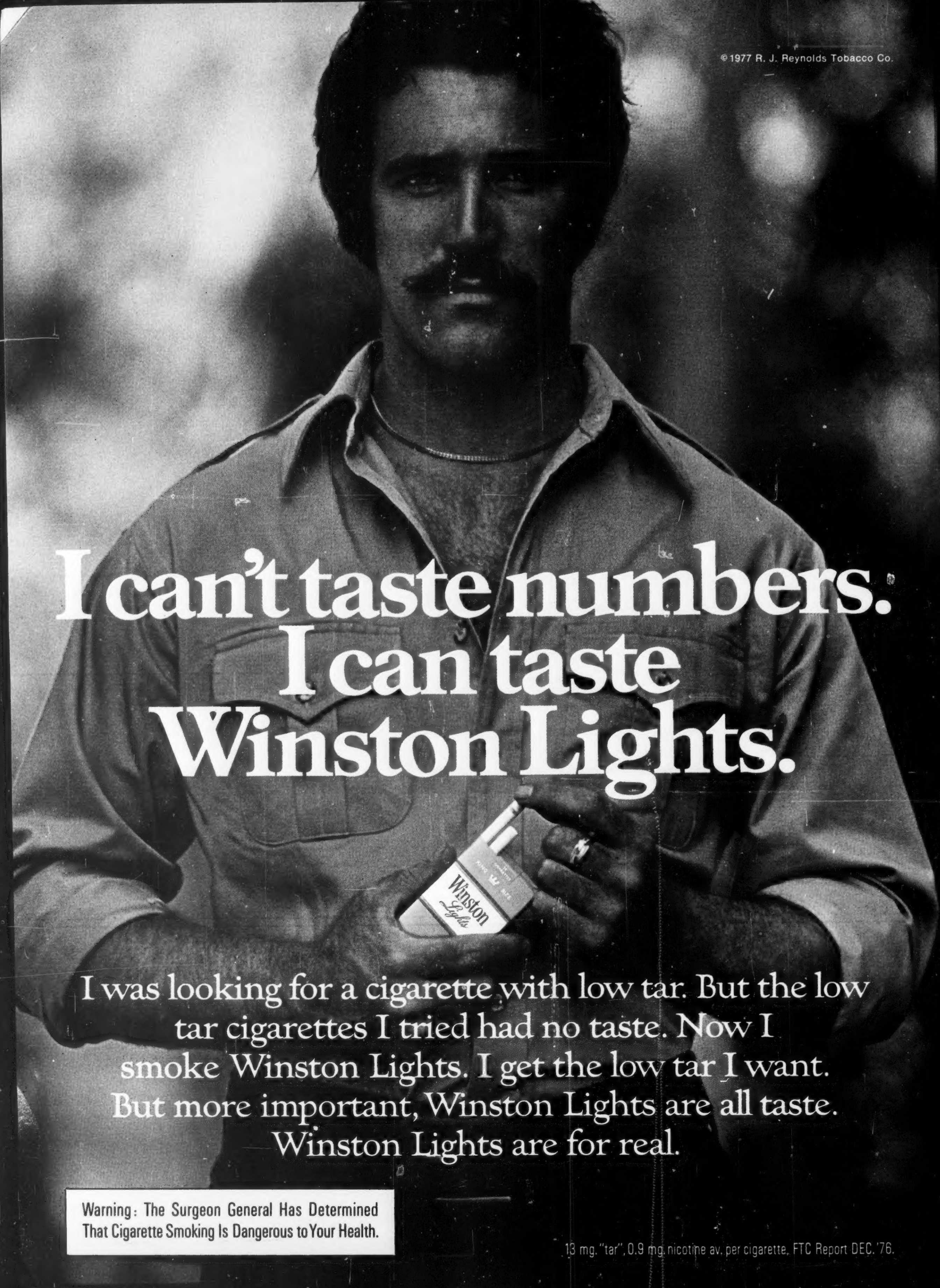

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Losing the Vietnam peace/By Robert Shrum

Party Lines

What follows is the story of how the United States, having lost the war, is also losing the peace in Vietnam. It is based partly on reports from responsible sources familiar with the recent Paris negotiations between Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke and Vietnamese Deputy Foreign Minister Phan Hien.

The story begins with the protracted negotiations leading to the Paris accords of January 24, 1973, which themselves were supposed to have settled the Vietnam conflict long ago, once and for all. From the moment in late 1968 when the negotiators finally agreed on the shape of the table and got down to talking substance, until the negotiations were concluded over four years later, 20,000 Americans and hundreds of thousands of Indochinese died, and the United States dropped more bomb tonnage than in all of World War II. The continued bombing reinforced the urgency of one of Hanoi's most persistent demands—that Washington pledge reparations to repair the damage.

On October 8, 1972, North Vietnamese negotiator Le Duc Tho presented Kissinger with a nine-point draft, which was to become the basis of the January '73 accords. The essential provisions of that draft were unchanged by the intervening Christmas bombing, contrived to give the appearance that Hanoi had been forced into a better agreement. Nixon accepted the same terms, with minor amendments, that he could have had four months earlier (or, in fact, four years earlier, but that is a different sad tale).

One provision of North Vietnam's October draft was point 8—that the U.S. would "contribute" to "postwar reconstruction in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and throughout Indochina." This became Article 21 of the Paris accords. The Article, however, mentioned no specific sum; Congress was in no mood to provide economic aid to an enemy which, unlike Japan and Germany, had not had the good grace to lose. Critics pressed Kissinger hard: Was there any secret addition to the agreement, any commitment of a definite amount? He said no, no, and no again.

"You know, Dr. Kissinger," Le Duc Tho told him during one particularly arduous negotiating session, "I want to speak to you openly, sincerely and honestly: you are a liar." Indeed he was, at least about the question of a secret-aid promise. For, despite the denials, there was one, in the form of a letter from President Nixon to Prime Minister Pham Van Dong of North Vietnam. The text of the letter, dated February 1, 1973, was finally revealed this May. In it Nixon had pledged "in the range of 3 to 3.5 billion dollars in reconstruction grants over five years," plus "other forms of aid," which "could fall in the range of 1 to 1.5 billion dollars, depending on food and commodity needs."

In a discussion with Senator George McGovern during his January 1976, visit to Vietnam, Xuan Thuy, who had been Hanoi's number two negotiator in Paris, told him of the Nixon promise. Nixon had said "3 to 3.5 billion dollars," so Thuy split the difference exactly and claimed that Nixon had agreed to 3.25 billion. (He did not mention the 1 to 1.5 billion in "other aid"; it was only a "could" in Nixon's letter, not a "will.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD McCULLIN/MAGNUM

To McGovern and those traveling with him (including me), the Vietnamese repeatedly cited the Nixon promise. Premier Pham Van Dong, the actual addressee of the Nixon letter, pleaded: "We need help to recover the destruction. So many factories were destroyed, communications and the transportation system, many schools, many hospitals. So much must be done. To what extent we can do this will depend on you. Just like the destruction came from you." Pham Van Dong—and other Hanoi officials— related the MIAs to the aid pledge. He observed that the Paris accords themselves linked the two issues. The Vietnamese obviously regarded the MIA issue as their only remaining leverage: having freed the POWs in 1973, they had nothing else to give—or to withhold—to nudge American policy.

McGovern advised Pham Van Dong not to demand reconstruction assistance as a condition of resolving the MIA situation. Aid as such, at some future time, he suggested, might stand a chance, but not under the guilt-laden label of reparations; trade was a more likely near-term possibility. McGovern also urged the Vietnamese to take conciliatory steps on their own. In response to his request, they released several of the U.S. civilians stranded during the American evacuation of Saigon; later, they released the rest of them. Hanoi already had turned over the remains of three pilots to a congressional delegation.

Then, in April of 1976, Gerald Ford suddenly and flatly ruled out normalization of relations with Vietnam. Jimmy Carter denounced Ford's decision as a "political" ploy to counter Reagan's conservative challenge as the Texas primary neared. Carter hinted that even economic aid might be considered in his Administration, although not right away.

So the Vietnamese were hopeful after Carter's victory. They returned

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the remains of twelve other Americans. The two countries then scheduled a May meeting in Paris to negotiate outstanding differences and conditions for diplomatic ties. At that session, the Carter Administration agreed to abandon the Nixon-Ford policy of vetoing Vietnam's admission to the United Nations. In turn, Hanoi promised an increased effort to account for the MIAs, but set no timetable for completing the process.

Then the talks stalemated. The cause was not Vietnamese intransigence. By now, Pham Van Dong's government has grasped the political impossibility of claiming reparations. Deputy Foreign Minister Phan Hien arrived in Paris prepared to compromise along the following lines:

- Vietnam would present a full MIA report within a specified period, probably 60 days. Any future information on MIAs would be transmitted to Washington immediately.
- The U.S. would agree to a costless form of facilitating reconstruction: it would support international bank loans to Vietnam, instead of opposing them or abstaining, as it has since 1973. The concession would be costless because the U.S. does not have the votes to deny the loans anyway; no other lending nation will follow our wishes on Vietnam. Washington also would revoke the trade embargo; no other industrial nation imposes one.
- Diplomatic relations would be established. Only then would American economic aid be discussed—and without preconditions. In addition, Vietnam might welcome American investment.

In effect, Hanoi was ready to write off the Nixon promise as a dead letter.

Assistant Secretary of State Holbrooke resisted compromise, however, pushing instead for normal relations without reference to aid or international loans, which would leave the Vietnamese without even a face-saving gloss on the reconstruction issue. Holbrooke's view—and the Administration's—is that diplomatic relations and a non-veto of Vietnamese membership in the UN should be barter enough for a complete MIA report.

Holbrooke fears that a decision to support international loans for Vietnam would run afoul of the congressional and popular opposition to aid. A covert Administration dissenter replies: "If we could come back from Paris with an MIA solution in exchange for nothing more than dropping the trade embargo and voting for multilateral loans, we could sell it as a diplomatic triumph. Voting for the loans wouldn't cost anything. The trade might earn something. Most of all, we could say we persuaded Hanoi to forget Nixon's $3 billion."

Even the House of Representatives, which has consistently approved amendments to block assistance to Vietnam, has conceded the distinction between U.S. aid and multilateral lending. On April 6, it refused to rescind U.S. contributions to international financial institutions granting loans to Cambodia, Laos or Vietnam.

In early June, Holbrooke went back to Paris for a second round of negotiations with Phan Hien. The Vietnamese took another conciliatory initiative: they would return the remains of 22 more American war casualties. But Holbrooke hardly budged. He again proposed the establishment of diplomatic relations in exchange for a final resolution of the MIA question. After conferring with higher officials in Washington, he had nothing to offer on international loans; even trade could not be discussed now, though he hinted that it might be conceivable some time in the future.

It is hard to understand why the Administration has spurned a compromise in which most of the give is on the Vietnamese side. At the least, the compromise would end the years-long deathwatch of the MIA families. At best, it might initiate a healing of the psychic hurt of Americans over Vietnam, so that someday it might be politically feasible for the U.S. to help repair the physical scars it left across the face of Indochina.

In Africa, the Carter Administration, with Andy Young in the vanguard, has moved away from cold war policies. But on Vietnam and Cuba, two foreign policy questions where there is some vocal opposition to any progress, the Administration has been fearful of putting itself on the line. During a White House meeting in April, the President told two senators that he had to go slow on detente with Cuba: "I had many fine supporters among the Cuban exiles during the Florida primary." In May, the Administration remained silent while the House passed an amendment that might prevent State Department officials from talking at all with the Vietnamese.

The 1973 Paris accords were formally (mis)named "Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Vietnam." The agreement did not end the war: that happened when the Thieu regime proved incapable of defending itself without squadrons of U.S. bombers and legions of U.S. troops. Nor did the agreement restore peace between America and Vietnam: that is possible now if the Carter Administration will give an inch in return for Hanoi giving a mile. The continuing alternative, in the words of an ancient historian, is to "make a desert and call it peace."●

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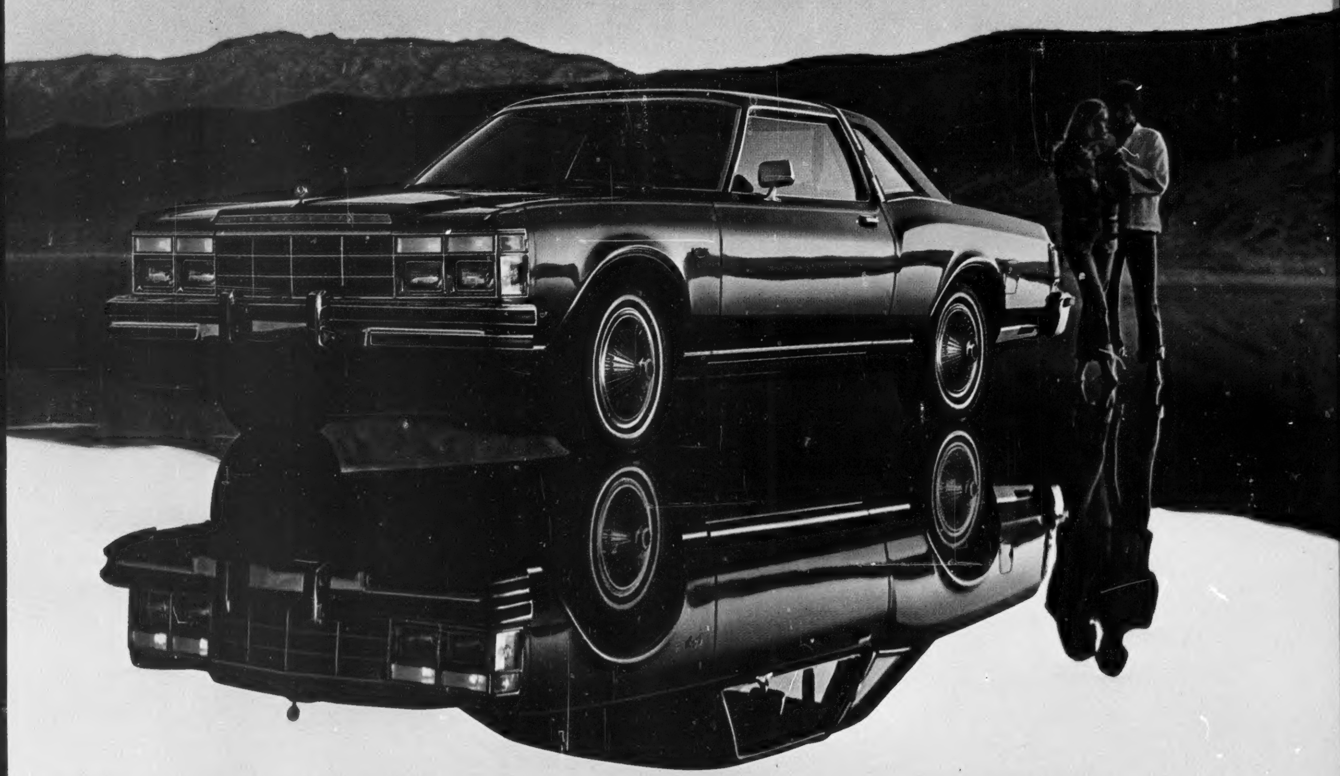

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Politics

WIDE WORLD
WIDE WORLD

Before and after: King with his old and new horses

Bye, fella—hi, good buddy

One of the most crucial endorsements Jimmy Carter got came from Martin Luther King Sr. The Democratic nominee, however, almost didn't have the advantage of the massive symbolic figure. Before endorsing Carter, Daddy King called Nelson Rockefeller to make sure that the Vice President, a longtime friend and Southern Christian Leadership Conference contributor, wasn't about to make his fourth run for the presidency. When Nelse told him that he had no commitment, King, his votes and his vocal equipment all went to Jimmy's side.

Eastland meets Sadat

During Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's recent American visit, Senator James Eastland, Democrat of Mississippi, welcomed the visiting Arab head of state in his capacity as President Pro Tempore of the Senate. After Sadat had left, Eastland, who has said so many wise things, turned to his aide William G. Simpson and remarked, "I didn't know that guy was a nigger."

Rosalynn Carter: She'll never be (power) hungry again

They call her the "Iron Magnolia": Rosalynn Carter, like all important politicians, has begun to make enemies—and they're not people angry about bad hollandaise at the last state dinner. Mrs. Carter is exercising her prerogative as, in her words, "the closest person to the President of the United States." She's exercising power.

For example, she decided recently that she wanted to head the new 20-member presidential commission on mental health. White House lawyers informed her that it would probably violate the civil service law for a direct family member to serve in a high post, paid or not. Rosalynn was unfazed. The subsequent official announcement downgraded her to "honorary chairperson," but she said that she could run the commission "if I want to." She hardly needed to add, "I intend to."

When Mrs. Carter took herself to New York in March for some shopping, a *Women's Wear Daily* reporter got a call from a deputy of Mary Finch Hoyt, Rosalynn's press secretary. "I understand you're asking questions about how much money Mrs. Carter spent at Dominic Rompollo," said the White House spokesperson. "Mrs. Carter does not like to discuss the prices she pays for anything. If you feel that as a reporter you must ignore Mrs. Carter's wishes, that's your right."

WWD, true to form, not only exercised the right but reported the remarks. (Mrs. Carter had shelled out $4,000 at Rompollo and two other designers.) Later, when another *WWD* correspondent submitted her request for a seat on Mrs. Carter's recent Latin American trip, she was told she wasn't going—even though she'd put in before other reporters. When she asked at a press briefing what criteria had been used to choose the press party, Hoyt answered coldly, "Our own."

Not that Rosalynn needs protection. At the outset of her Latin American trip, a reporter asked her what authority she had to speak for the President when she met with foreign leaders. According to the Washington *Post*'s Susanna McBee, Mrs. Carter "seemed to bristle" at the question, circumventing the query: "If I can help him to understand the countries of the world, that's what I want to do."

There had been war in heaven over whether she should make the trip at all. Reportedly, macho Latin leaders took offense at getting Rosalynn when Europe had gotten Jimmy himself. Embassy staffs worked fervently convincing nations on Mrs. Carter's tour that the President considers his wife "a political partner."

Democratic leaders, aware that Mrs. Carter really *is* a political partner, aren't sure they want her to be. Some complain that she blew the ERA's chances for passage in North Carolina by trying to shove (not ease) it down conservative pipes.

The Latin American trip, a triumph of efficiency and style, may have firmly established her position in Washington. Like Scarlett O'Hara, Rosalynn Carter is making good—she'll never be hungry again. —*David Murray*

Mrs. Carter in Ecuador: A triumph

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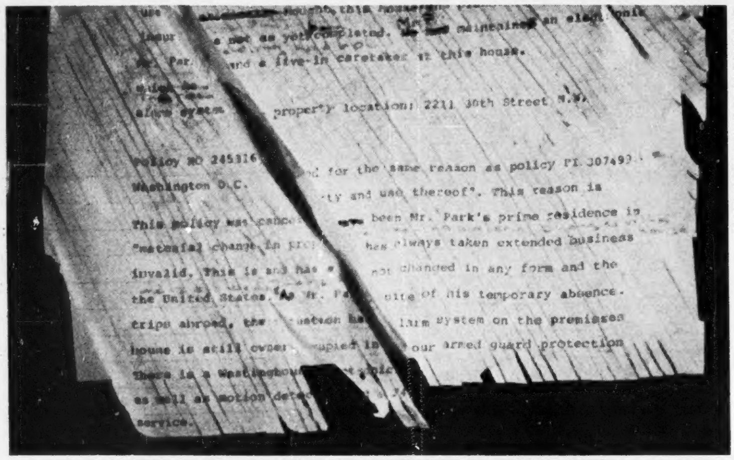


PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS FARQUHAR

Reconstructed document: Subpoenaed linguini

Mining the Korean strips

When author Robin Moore decided he wanted to do a book on Washington, he hired freelance reporters Lew Perdue and Ken Cummins to work on it for him. With the sleuthing instinct of hound dogs, Perdue and Cummins went straight for Korean lobbyist and KCIA operative Tongsun Park's garbage. The trash turned out to be the shredded records that Park had hastily discarded. Renting a seedy office two blocks away from the White House, Perdue hired four investigative assistants to repiece the documents. One of them, Jim Mintz, describes the path of the linguini-like strips to readability:

Last month, the House Ethics Committee subpoenaed 21 bags of Tongsun Park's garbage. Now 12 staff members, sequestered in a government warehouse, sit and piece together their contents, the shredded business records of Park's Pacific Development, Inc. When finished, investigators of the Korean bribery scandal will have collected nearly 1,000 documents that could end congressional careers.

Shredded so that they would remain permanently private, the documents first became available to the public in mid-March in a trash can behind Pacific Development, Inc. With subpoenas spurring events all over Washington, Park's people apparently decided that the thinner the files, the better.

Up close, each strip of shredded paper is unique. Differences in color, length, typeface, paper texture and print darkness facilitate initial sorting. Once lookalikes are grouped, each strip gets unfurled and pinned onto cardboard. Strips are lined up, reuniting letters and forming rows of words. The name "Agnew" first appeared on a strip similar to one with "Tongsun." Placed togehter, the strips read "Flight to New York—Mr. Tongsun Park, Mr. S. Agnew."

Perdue knew he was into something when, after days of frustration, the words "Sew Park Thompson" fell into place. "Thompson," the handwritten note read, "is close information source to Cong [Lester] Wolff [D–N.Y.], Cong [John] Brademas [D–Ind.], Cong [Albert] Johnson [R–Pa.], Cong [Sonny] Montgomery [D–Miss.], Cong [Spark] Matsonaga [D–Hawaii]."

Many of the records were recent memos to Park, now in exile in London. They led to important insights into Park's business empire: oil deals in Indonesia, cash registers in Korea, an irrigation project in Morocco. Other strips revealed Spiro Agnew's business dealings with Park in steel for Iran. The shreds also showed that Park, too poor to pay even loyal employees, was fending off creditors and the IRS.

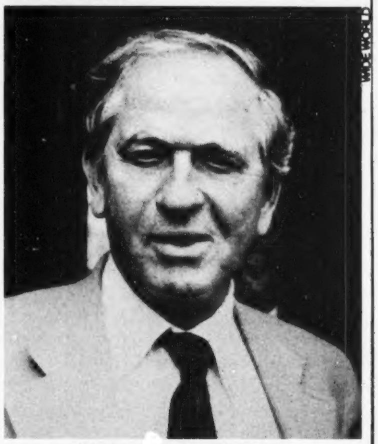
One handwritten note, evidently from Park, discussed a cash gift of $10,000 to Mrs. Edwin Edwards, wife of Louisiana's governor and former congressman. "The transaction occurred over coffee—" said the memo, "in coffee shop in the Monteleone Hotel, New Orleans. It was outright gift with no string attached."

Now working with the reconstruction experts who restored George and Martha Washington's wills, the Ethics Committee staffers are trying to piece together everything Park's organization tried to trash. With last week's confirmation of Park's KCIA role by its former head, their efforts will have more import than ever. One of the unshredded lists has the names of 39 senators and 74 congressmen with whom Park was "associating." Ethics Committee staffers recently declared their intention to go back into Perdue's offices with a very powerful vacuum cleaner. They said they didn't want to miss one scrap of paper.

Mission to Moscow derailed

In March, President Carter offered the ambassadorship to Russia to (a) Averell Harriman (b) George Kennan (c) Charles Kirbo (d) John Reed III (e) Perle Mesta.

If you guessed (f) none of the above, you were *wrong*. The answer is (c) for Charles Kirbo. In making the offer to his long-time adviser, Carter's thinking supposedly was that, although Kirbo was nobody's idea of a Soviet affairs expert, the Russians would understand he had unchallenged intimacy with the President. After spiritual pondering and a little political thinking, the Atlanta lawyer turned down the mission to Moscow.



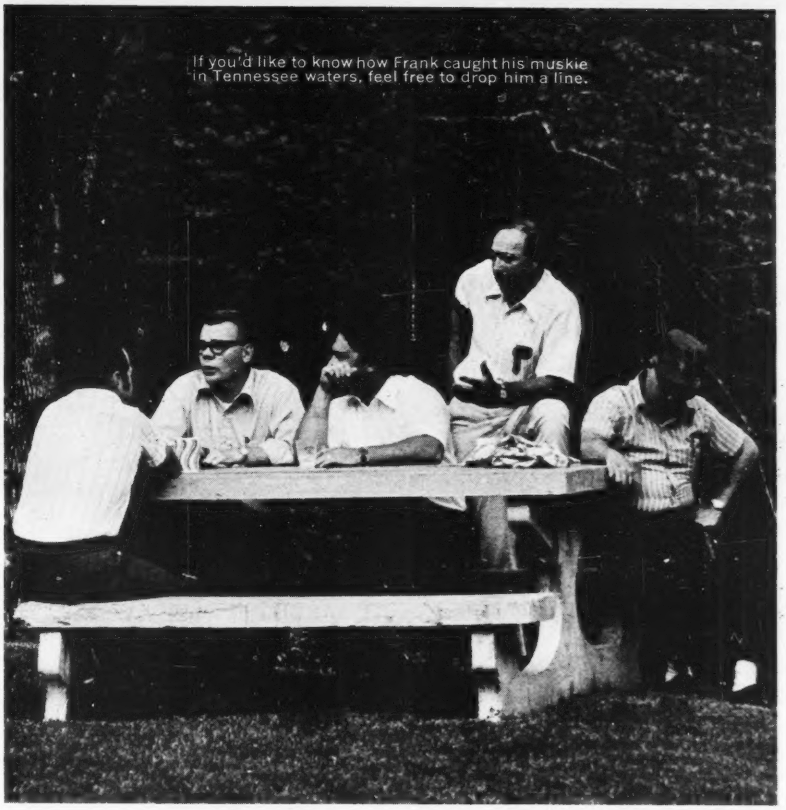
WIDE WORLD

Kirbo: staying home

Mind & Body

Caffeine crazy and feeling blue

At the University of Michigan medical school, researchers have found a direct correlation between the amount of caffeine consumed and the degree of depression among 83 psychiatric patients. Only 17 percent of the casual coffee users (three cups a day or less) were seriously depressed; 50 percent of the heavy (seven cups or over) imbibers were. The researchers found that coffee guzzlers usually were heavy users of cigarettes and alcohol and were more likely than moderate coffee drinkers to be taking tranquilizers, sedatives or hypnotics. The Michigan report did not discuss the effect of Danish. *—Larry Fredericks*



If you'd like to know how Frank caught his muskie in Tennessee waters, feel free to drop him a line.

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The Word

Gambina (left): Stallone was "always cautious. Even paranoid"

The Insider Interview: Jimmy Gambina, Sparrer to the Stars

Though only five-feet tall and 130 pounds, Jimmy Gambina pictures himself the little army tank. He has a 44-inch chest; his rippling biceps are stuffed like sausages inside his T-shirt sleeves; and he can bulldog his way among Hollywood's finest. Thirty-four years old, the tiny Italian makes his money teaching matinee idols how to fight.

Among his students:

Sylvester Stallone—190 pounds of bulk before Gambina got to him. "Every time he threw a left hook, the fat around his belly would fall over his trunks." (Gambina, who claims he choreographed the fight scenes in *Rocky*, is sore that Stallone received the screen credit.)

Robert DeNiro—used to be in poor health, very down psychologically. Eleven months, however, on Gambina's personalized conditioning plan—daily multiple vitamins, a high-protein diet, proper rest and two- or three-hour workouts, six times a week—and DeNiro (training for *Raging Bull*, the Jake LaMotta story) looked like a new man. When he arrived on the set of *New York, New York*, he was 30 pounds heavier and three times stronger than during the shooting of *The Last Tycoon*.

Dustin Hoffman—Gambina's only failure. "Hoffman slumps. I was going to get him to stand tall," says Gambina about working on *Straight Time*, a prison film. "But Hoffman didn't have faith. He tried to buy me instead of respect me.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do for a friend. I'd let myself be hurt rather than them. But if they start in with that 'I'm great and I don't need you' attitude, then I don't want anything to do with them."

The son of a boxing trainer, Gambina was educated at an early age in the school of hooks and jabs. He also attended Hollywood High School. That influence, his boxing prowess and being a little man landed him bit acting parts.

But fighting was thick in his blood. It wasn't until after several years of working in his father's training camp and five years of developing and managing fighters on his own that Gambina rediscovered acting.

The big break came in *Conquest Of The Planet Of The Apes*. Gambina played a chimpanzee. He "kicked more ass than men twice his size." The producers noticed his aptitude and promoted him to orangutan in *Battle For The Planet Of The Apes*. There he came to the attention of fellow ape Paul Williams, and with *Phantom Of The Paradise* embarked on his current career as professional trainer and sidekick.

"Teaching an actor how to fight—the moves and methods—is easy," says Gambina. It's the psychological and emotional realities that you have to be careful with.

"Some guys can't take much. Like Stallone. He was always cautious. Even paranoid. He didn't want to deal with the heavy end of boxing—the world where the only way to be recognized is by fighting with your hands. I had to bring it to him, since he wouldn't go to it.

"Now DeNiro. He dived right in. He'd go out of his way to see a fight and loved every character in the snake pit."

—Debra Weiner

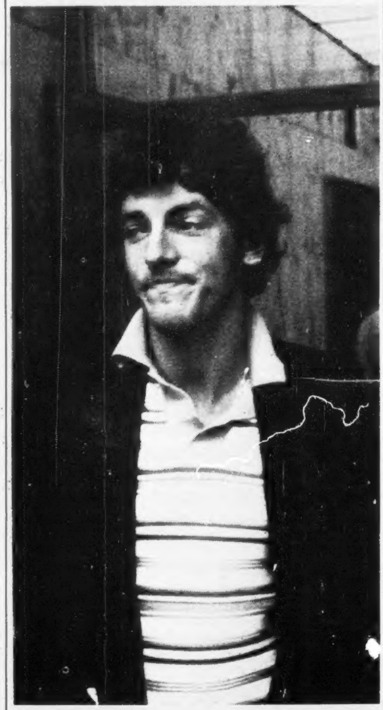
Wild, innocent and working again in the studio

Bruce Springsteen, after a painful hiatus of two years, is recording again. Each working day, a green van with New Jersey plates stops on upper Broadway in New York, and Springsteen hops out. He shoots through a door and up a flight of stairs to a dark vault of a studio above a typewriter repair shop. There the bard of Asbury Park and the E Street Band works from three to midnight.

Since July 1976, when Springsteen's ex-manager Mike Appel had convinced a New York judge that the singer had broken his artist's contract, Bruce had been barred from recording with his new producer, John Landau. Finally, at 4 a.m. on May 28, lawyers for Appel, Springsteen and Columbia Records agreed on a settlement. Appel gave up all claims to Springsteen's future work in return for a large payment (but less than the reported $1,000,000).

Springsteen, it's said, is tense about his return to recording, though he has written enough new songs for two albums. "There's a lot of pressure on Bruce," a friend says. "He hasn't been in a studio for a long time"—not since the media blitz of 1975 from which he emerged an important man.

—Arnon Mishkin



PHOTOGRAPH BY C BROWNIE HARRIS

Springsteen: E-Street shuffling from the press

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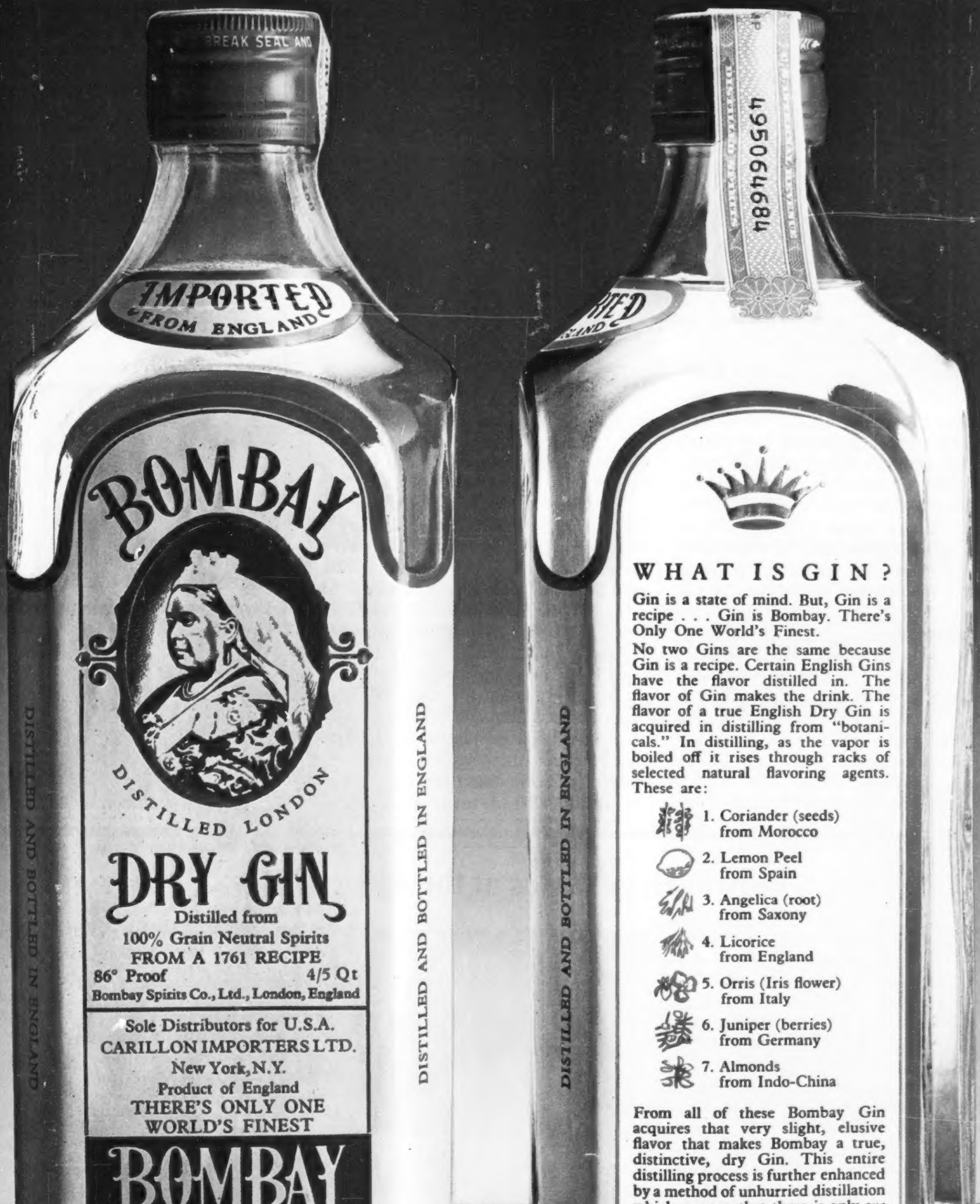
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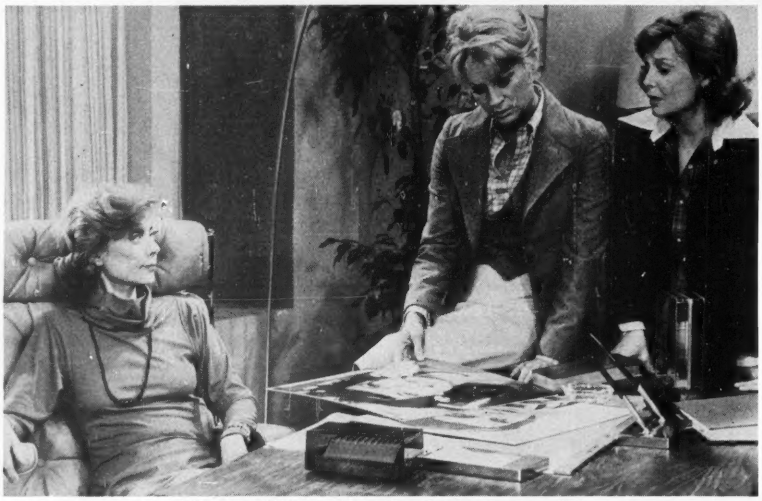


***All That Glitters*: Hanging by its long nails**

Leery in Leardom

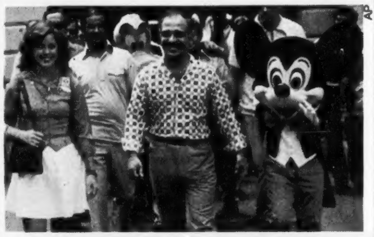
Norman Lear and the execs at his TAT Communications (TAT are initials for a Yiddish phrase that means "cards on the table," although Lear had had the impression that it meant "ass on the line") have decided that *All That Glitters* doesn't. The show is hanging by a tether and the word coming in from the syndicated stations around the country is that they're not happy. If Norman is resolute and wants to sustain a financial loss, the dames at Globatron might make it. Otherwise, chalk up television's first sex-reversal as a brief curiosity of the seventies.

And Fernwood? Will it enter the ghost atlas in which you can find other imaginary cities like Mayberry and Los Angeles? No. *Fernwood, USA*, Lear's *Mary Hartman* offshoot, will bring back the whole middle-American crew of Charlie, Loretta, Tom—everybody but MH herself. Lear told a friend recently: "I can't even watch it anymore. I can't stand to look at her face."

But the *Mary Hartman* merchandizing push isn't over. Already a boardgame is on the market, Norman's thinking about a comic strip and Simon and Schuster has finally decided to bring out *An Illustrated Guide to Fernwood, Ohio* this autumn. The publishing house almost killed the deal once, until Norman assured them that *Fernwood, USA* would be an appropriate sales tie-in. Simon and Schuster might also have been persuaded by the fact that Norman, the hard-line negotiator, made it clear he didn't feel like returning the $100,000 advance from the book.

Cutting Mick to the quick

Disney World, U. S. A.—More mousekenews! The disappearance of Mickey's arm from the top photo was not, as some thought, the traditional Jordanian punishment for trying to pocket the King of Jordan's Accutron watch. The Associated Press did it when, trying to foster a romance between Hussein and tour guide Honey Rex, they decided to show a shot of only his majesty and his latest. A mouse, however, complicated affairs, his little gloved hand making the group, if anything, a *menage a trois*. With one airbrush stroke, the AP did what D. Duck had only been thinking about for years. Tail between their legs, the news organization—on orders from AP New York—returned Mickey's arm by late afternoon. Why? Because they like him.



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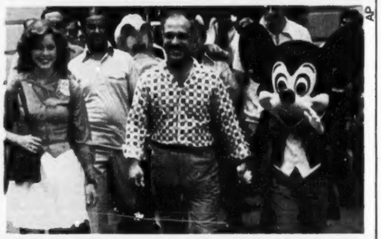

AP

Blowing legal fuses at the Electric Factory

The biggest concert promotion company in America, Philadelphia's Electric Factory, is the target of a grand jury called May 17 to investigate whether the promoters have a monopoly on concert music in the Philadelphia area. The grand jury has already heard testimony that Larry Magid, the 34-year-old businessman who calls the shots for the Electric Factory, had squeezed out competition and pressured rock and roll acts to play exclusively for him. When some bands refused to fold under Magid's big thumb, he told them he'd make sure they'd never play any more dates, ever.

The Justice Department has apparently abandoned the idea that Magid is just a shrewd businessman playing hardball and is getting ready to challenge some of the basic rules governing the music industry: they're looking for a test case to show concert promoters around the country that the business of rock and roll has to be governed like other businesses.

electric factory concerts

Magid: Two suits and a grand jury

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL BENSON

Magid's problems don't end with the feds. Willow Weep, a New Jersey promoting group, is suing Electric Factory and nine New York talent agencies for $3 million, charging restraint of trade. Midnight Sun, another Philadelphia promoting organization, is suing Electric Factory for $5.2 million, contending Magid's methods put them out of business in the area. Magid says he isn't worried. Steven Kramer, the attorney for both Willow Weep and Midnight Sun, isn't worried either. He says he'll just let the Justice Department do his work for him.

—Hugh Byrnes

Taking Care of Business

The Ripoff Society

If you're the kind of person who feels you're constantly being ripped-off in a big way, but can't exactly pinpoint the source of the problem, *Consumer News* in Washington wants you to know that you're neither paranoid nor alone in your feelings. *Consumer News* has just announced its list of the 10 biggest rip-offs of the year. We thought you might be interested in some of the winners.

Finishing in first place again this year is industry concentration. The extra price of goods and services, due to lack of business competition, costs the consumer a whopping $151 billion over a 12-month period. A close second in the rip-off sweepstakes is legal deception, the extra amount paid by people because of deceptive selling methods, which *Consumer News* estimated at $125 billion. Other rip-off awards went for white-collar crime, $40 billion, and corporate tax loopholes, which save big business some $23 billion a year.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Altogether, the top 10 biggest rip-offs amount to $607 billion. If you're the kind of person that has a hard time registering on such abstract figures, then think about it this way. Every man, woman and child in America was taken for some $3,000 last year.

Rhodesia fills up with regular

Since 1966, the United Nations has imposed strict sanctions on trade with Rhodesia's white minority regime, including an international embargo on oil supplies to that country. Rhodesia has no oil wells of its own. So where is it getting its oil? There are 29 answers, says the British-based Lonrho Corporation. They include Mobil Oil, Texaco, Standard of California and 26 other major international oil companies.

Lonrho has just filed suit in England charging that Mobil and the other firms have violated UN trade sanctions by illegally supplying the white-ruled Rhodesian government with basic fuels for over 10 years.

No moral principle involved here, just business. It seems that Lonrho's oil pipeline from Mozambique to Rhodesia was meeting all of the Rhodesian government's fuel needs prior to the sanctions. It was forced to close its pipeline to comply with the UN resolution 11 years ago, and claims in its suit that Mobil and the other multinational oil companies illegally took over its business. Now Lonrho says the oil giants should pay damages for illegal activity to the tune of $170 million.

—Jeremy Rifkin and Ted Howard

DISHWATCHER

Who said you can't make chores seem pleasant? It's easy with Sony's 5" (measured diagonally) black-and-white portable TV. It'll go with you from room to room and with an optional battery pack it'll even leave home. It's 100% solid-state, weighs 7 lbs. 11 oz. and has a glare-free screen. Our little Sony makes whatever you're doing more fun. Even if what you're doing is dishes. **"IT'S A SONY."**

Model TV-520 Black/White Portable. TV Picture simulated.
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Seventies

Hydromobile

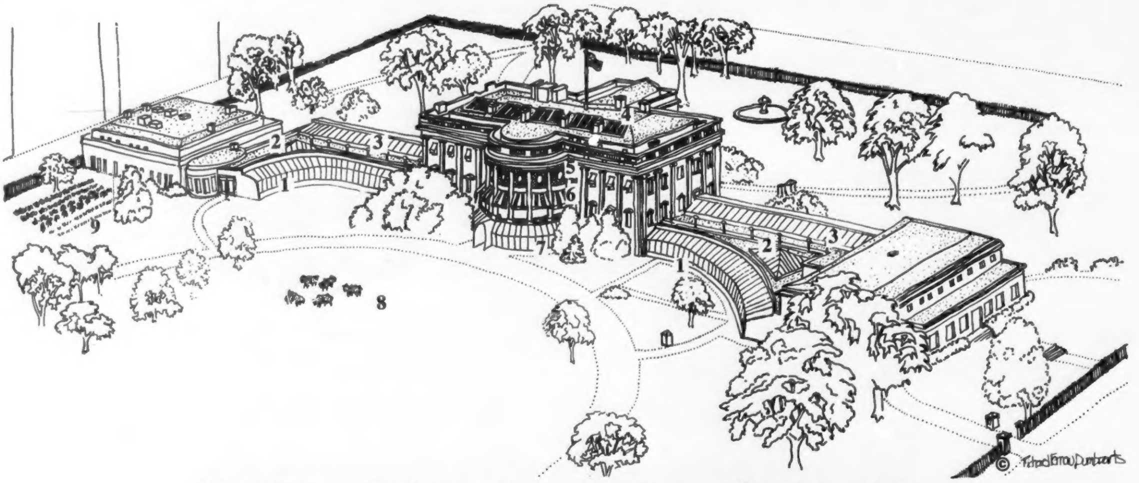
Today Roger Billings drives a converted Cadillac Seville that runs on hydrogen. "It may take 50 years," says Billings, "but the trend has started." Billings has made himself president of the Billings Energy Corporation. His vice-president, Barry Campbell, estimates that though hydrogen and gasoline cost about the same now, mass production would drop hydrogen to about 80 percent the current cost of gas. Hydrogen's capacity to deliver 30 percent better mileage than gas—combined with the fact that hydrogen's only waste product is water vapor—makes it obvious to the Billings Corp. they're dealing with fuel of the future.

Ogledmobile

As the nation struggles with the notoriously inefficient gasoline combustion engine, American ingenuity once more goes to work. Not from giant corporations, but from tousle-haired young men, determined to convert their machinery and our way of life, come the engines of tomorrow:

Tom-Swiftian Tom Ogle has put together a vaporized fuel system that runs a standard-sized Ford at 100 miles per gallon. Eliminating the carburetor by injecting pressurized gasoline vapors directly into the engine cylinders, the Oglemobile ran Ogle and an observer from El Paso to Deming, New Mexico, and back (205 miles) with a pint and two ounces left from the original two-gallon fuel supply. "The best way to eliminate doubt is to prove it," said the happy, unspoiled 24-year-old with a high school graduate equivalency degree. He has plans to convert more cars: a Lincoln Mark V (Ogle claims he'll get 90 to 120 miles per gallon), a six-cylinder Mercury Monarch (90 to 120 miles per gallon), a four-cylinder Mercury Bobcat (260 to 360 miles per gallon). Already the General Motors Corporation and the American Motors Corporation have sniffed Ogle out and opened talks. "I was working on a four-stroke lawn mower," Ogle said, "just messing around . . . when I knocked a hole in the fuel tank and put a vacuum line running from the tank straight into the carburetor inlet. The lawn mower kept running for 96 hours." Ogle says he won't sell his patent and is only interested in making a deal that will bring him $10 off the top of every Ogled automobile. Says John Whitacre, a University of Texas engineering faculty member who inspected the invention: "The kid's really done something."

Solar complexity: Saving the Republic's fuel bills



Solarized landmark: Compost, contouring and new cardigans from the sheep

Jimmy Carter wants to solar heat 2.5 million American homes. We'd like him to add one to that number. Thanks to Friends of the Earth, we've found a plan to provide the President with that which he loves most—a good symbol. If he adds insulation, uses sophisticated conservation techniques and installs solar-heating devices, the head of the First Family can cut the White House heating bill in half. The result of months of research, discussions and computer analyses by solar designer Richard Fernau and the Berkeley Solar Group, the plan is a suggestion to the Chief Executive that the only people with a right to throw stones are the ones who live in glass houses.

To save the architectural integrity of the White House (and avoid covering it with cumbersome and ugly solar collectors), the plan suggests the construction of greenhouses with a southern exposure (1). Within each greenhouse, a semicircular array of water-filled columns, 12–18 inches in diameter, would absorb and store solar heat for dark days and nights. A reflector system would concentrate indirect sunlight onto the colonnade. Skylights in the greenhouses (2) would allow the sun to shine directly on more water-filled columns; skylights along corridors (3) would heat and light those halls.

A solar water heating system (4) would provide 550 gallons of hot water a day—enough for personal use by the family and staff. For those inhumanly hot Washington summer nights, the plan proposes a famous Southern solution to the heat: a sleeping porch (5) to draw prevailing breezes for natural air-conditioning. Canvas awnings (6) would also cut White House BTUs. An entry greenhouse (7) would be a symbolic entrance to the rebuilt White House—a President's showplace.

During the First World War, President Wilson put sheep on the White House lawn (8) to save fuel and labor expended on cutting grass. Jimmy could similarly save at least 350 gallons of gasoline a year, not to mention fertilizer expenses. And a big garden (9), farmed without the high-energy techniques of American agribusiness, would cut the family's food bill—and remind them of their roots.

—Helen Kassler

Post Scripts

TWO GRAND PRIZES
YOU MAY ALREADY BE A WINNER!
THE AMERICAN HANDGUNNER MAGAZINE
Magnum Sweepstakes
13 OTHER MAJOR HANDGUN PRIZES

Sweepstakes: Win a "little chum"

Grand prize: Pearl handles and hot lead

Another of America's new, small magazines (*NT*: May 13) has raised its barrel under our noses. "Good news!" says ad copy for *American Handgunner*, "You might already be a winner." First prize in the magazine's "Magnum Sweepstakes" packs a mean zap—yes, ladies, it's a "Llama deluxe .380 automatic in satin engraved finish with simulated pearl grips." The next winner gets a C.O.P.(Compact Off-duty Police) .357 magnum powerhouse that offers the winner "the height of simplicity, compactness and concealability." We've entered.

Among the next 13 runner-up prizes: a .45 German automatic; a Colt .38 Detective Special, "the favorite of law enforcement agents"; a .22 magnum derringer; a .25 Bauer atuomatic, "the flamboyant little chum." Also assorted revolvers, automatics, flintlocks, pellet pistols.

The magazine itself is a slick, full-color splash, loaded with portraits of handgun heroes and tales of blasting the guts out of appointed targets. "The Colt Python .357 came into my hand without my having to think about it. As my left hand wrapped around my right, the weaker fingertips already interlocking with my whitening knuckles of the strong, I watched over the front sight waiting for a clear shot at the ram . . ."

Bimonthly, $7.50 a year; 8150 West Central Park, Skokie, Illinois 60076.

More Imperial Congress: Their ghosts really materialize

We've obtained a set of requests from congressmen to the Congressional Research Service. The branch of the Imperial Congress (*NT*: March 18) that handles all informational inquiries, CRS is one of Washington's most efficient and abused servants.

Not only does the CRS do the work on congressional children's school term papers ("For member's daughter," Georgia Representative Bo Ginn's office requested, "freshman in college: info on the food stamp program . . ."), but they prepare speeches ("For today," New York Republican Representative Hamilton Fish Jr. asked, "would like a four-minute radio address for the city of Kingston . . ."), satisfy personal whims (Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd wanted "information on how to determine the value of an old violin . . .") and perform outright political services (Byrd again: "Cook County Victory Dinner Speech—Bicentennial motif, inspirational, uplifting, moderately partisan"; Virginia Republican Senator William Scott: "Potential candidate for . . . Lt. Governor of . . . Virginia would like info on procedure to run for that office . . .").

"I don't know how many times we've been asked by Scott or Byrd to provide information to some elementary school student writing a paper on the Loch Ness monster, the laser beam, panda bears," says a CRS staffer. A few—from a huge list—of the other things asked for:

Senator Warren Magnuson (D–Wash.): " . . . wants CRS to write an article for law review . . ."

Senator Robert Dole (R–Kansas): "Senator would like to have a luncheon for 'losers.' He would like a list of losers in sports, politics and science."

More Robert Byrd: "Office has a question about the current status of the Danish porno film on Jesus Christ . . ." And: "A high school student is putting together a war history scrapbook. Please provide info on: Civil War, WWI, WWII, Korea . . ."

Senator Strom Thurmond (R–S.C.): "Please send a picture and biographical information on Lee Remick . . ." And: "Member needs this for Mrs. Thurmond right now!!! Would like to have the lyrics of a song by Loretta Lynn, which concerns a housewife; thinks the title of the song is 'Topeka.' "

—Murray Waas

DISCWASHER®
presents
RECORD CARE BASICS

The finest record care system is Discwasher, and the research of the Discwasher labs shows four ways to dramatically extend the fidelity of your discs:

1. Beware of the heat monster. Taking records from very cold conditions to hot conditions, or playing records at temperatures in excess of 90° F, accelerates record wear and distortion.
2. Beware of a "clean" stylus. A stylus may look clean, but can be glazed with contamination after playing two or three records. This glaze holds dust which abrasively destroys records. Discwasher's SC-1 Stylus Cleaner is the best way to keep your clean-but-dirty stylus really clean.
3. Do not replay records quickly. Playing a record more than once every hour causes chemical and physical stress to the vinyl that will eventually destroy the album.
4. Clean micro-dust before playing. Micro-dust is attracted to records and may not be noticeable. Playing a dust-contaminated record welds this micro-dust into the grooves. The Discwasher brush with a few drops of D3 fluid is the finest, most convenient way to remove this threat to your valuable record collection.

For technical information on the complete line of Discwasher products, see your hi-fi specialist or discriminating record store.

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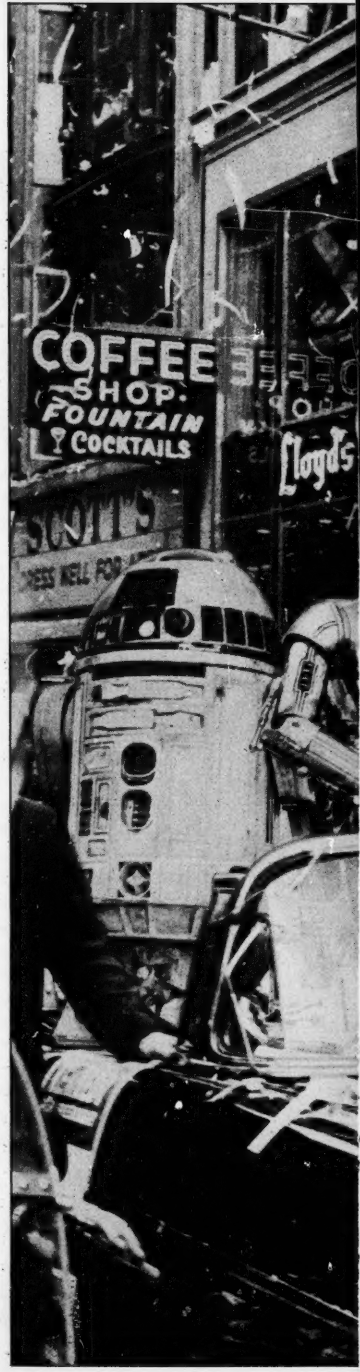
Columbia, Missouri 65201

STAR WARS

THE GLEAMING OF AMERICA

A fussy public-relations robot and his all-purpose android sidekick save the galaxy and steal the show from their human allies. Lovable automata? Computers you can trust? That the '70s Tin Man has a heart is *Star Wars'* hidden message

By Jesse Kornbluth



Like other pure-hearted rads of the sixties, I was programmed not just to dislike technology, but to resist it. Along with jostling technocrat Robert McNamara in what more polite folks called "a confrontation with the Establishment," one of the prouder memories of my senior year at college is of being put on probation for holding a Dow Chemical recruiter hostage; I was convinced this harmless-looking fool was literally an agent of Satan; if he could get a naive chem major alone, he'd brain-snatch him and convert him into a napalm monger. I assumed the Vietnam war had more to do with private corporations getting their research-and-development divisions financed than it did with politics. And I thought if my generation denied technology our brains and participation, the whole capitalist mess would fall; then we'd teach the technicians how to do something useful—like grow a garden.

I've grown up since then, of course, but I've still never found much that's sympathetic about technology, nor about technology's most dramatic image, the 6,000 operational robots now among us. Almost 4,000 of them are blue-collar types at GM plants in Ohio, spot-welding Vegas, Camaros and Firebirds; the rest are specialists, some even sophisticates, but it's hard to approve of the jobs they do; these Kissingers of automata set the timing devices on military fuses and guide "smart" bombs to their targets. On balance, I'd have to say there isn't a robot with a well-developed sense of ethics in the bunch.

And so, with a controlled but definite sense of prejudice against anything robotic, I encountered R2D2 and C3P0.

They roll into *Star Wars*—a film that's become, overnight, a frozen yogurt for the mind—right at the beginning, when Princess Leia (Carrie Fisher) is about to be captured by Darth Vader and the Stormtroopers of his Empire. The situation is dire. If Vader grabs the Princess before she can transmit the stolen plans for his Death Star to her rebel allies, there won't be any freedom or decency in the galaxy for eons; Vader's victory would be like Nixon getting elected president for life, then

UPI

Starr
Kitty

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANFRED KREINER/GLOBE PHOTOS

usurping the military budget for a medical research program to help him live forever. Whatever will the Princess do?

Why, call for her faithful servants, of course.

She commands a short, silver cutey of a computer robot, R2D2, to her side; he rolls up, beeping and wailing because he has no words, but clearly conveying fidelity. The Princess leans over, whispers her message into little R2D2's memory bank, then packs him out the emergency hatch. In his tiny pod, R2D2 carries the Princess' vital words to Obi-Wan Kenobi (Alec Guinness), a kind of space-age St. Michael, on distant planet Tatooine. Kenobi knows the secret of "The Force," a mystical unifying power for good, and can use it to destroy the bad guys. He convinces a young helper, Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), to join him in his mission to recapture the Princess.

At this point I already love R2D2. There's no bullshit about him. But R2D2 has a problem. His partner, the golden robot C3P0, doesn't think they ought to

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS: THEY CALLED LINDBERGH "LUCKY." IF HE FLEW NOW, WE'D PRAISE HIS TECHNOLOGICAL SUPPORT SYSTEM AND THE COMPUTERS WHICH MAKE HIM ALL BUT IRRELEVANT TO HIS MISSION

race through enemy cross-fire to deliver any messages. Saving princesses isn't his department; he's a seven-foot-tall public relations expert, an electronic Bobby Zarem. No sooner do they land on Tatooine than C3P0 decides they've made a terrific mistake. He tries to convince R2D2 to be sensible, fails, and splits. "You'll be malfunctioning in a day, you nearsighted scrappile," C3P0 warns, programming himself for safer climes.

Happily, the two aren't separated for long. R2D2 gets attacked by a band of Jawas, small, insect-eating creeps who collect scrap metal. R2D2 gets out one short bleat of fear before the Jawas zap him with a ray. But the scrap heap he's brought to is where the Jawas are holding C3P0, who's also been captured, and the strongest duo in male bonding since Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid is together again and working as a team.

Though not yet a harmonious team. R2D2 is saved only because another robot has malfunctioned and C3P0 has put in a good word for him. "Now don't forget this," C3P0 lectures. "Why I should stick out my neck for you is beyond my capacity." Good Jewish advice, and, compared to the humans' dialogue—"The Force surrounds us, penetrates us, it binds the universe together"—the robots' talk is sophisticated high comedy, as relevant as Woody Allen. With one-liners about oil baths and creaky limbs, director George Lucas continually reminds us that R2D2 and C3P0 are "only robots," but beyond their cracks the androids show us more than all the other characters in the film put together. "Hang on tight, R2," C3P0 pleads before his buddy joins Luke Skywalker for the final space battle. "You've got to come back. You wouldn't want my life to get boring, would you?" And at the end, when R2D2 limps in, his wiring half blown away, C3P0 reacts like Audie Murphy: "Can you hear me? Say something," he begs, then volunteers to give up some of his own parts if they will save his friend.

If all this makes the robots in *Star Wars* sound more human than the humans, it's because they are. They're more *likable*, which is one reason the film is attracting so many rabid devotees. Preview audiences, cast and crew, critics and general public all agree that the most original and compelling heroes in *Star Wars* are this new Abbott-and-Costello team. Forget the blasts into hyperspace, the duals with laser-beam swords, the final epic battle with spacecraft strafing one another like some ultimate *Terry and the Pirates*. For post-adolescents like me, the triumph of *Star Wars* is that for once I didn't look at technology and recall the course I took in dystopian literature. I didn't think about *Brave New World*, bomb shelters, or *Dr. Strangelove*. I didn't think about the science-fiction films I saw as a kid, in which the robots had eyes that blinked ominously and arms that crushed you without knowing what they were doing. I didn't think about my "Robbie the Robot" toy, and its weird knack of smashing into walls no matter how much you tried to turn it. I didn't once think of any of the bad things about technology that usually make me feel apocalypse is right around the corner. In short, *Star Wars* cured me—for a few weeks, anyway—of a lifelong fear that computers might run wild and take over the world . . .

Others may be fascinated

THE ULTIMATE HERO OF HIS TIME: THE SELF-EFFACING BATTING MACHINE WHO MARRIED AMERICA'S FANTASY. BUT WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, JOE DIMAGGIO? TO DO PROMO FOR A NEW YORK BANK AND PLUG MR. COFFEE MACHINES, THAT'S WHERE

DEDICATION, INTERGALACTIC STYLE: OBI-WAN KENOBI LETS HIMSELF BE KILLED BY DARTH VADER, BUT HE DOESN'T REALLY LOSE: GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT HE LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS DROID

by the technical achievement of *Star Wars*—how George Lucas managed to get 360 special effects and 2,000 snippets of processed sound on film for less than $10 million—but the fascination for me was with those robots. How did Lucas know that our antipathy to technology both needed and wanted to be defused? How did he know that an allegedly mindless escape movie could be the ideal vehicle for creating a robot hero?

The 1960s attitude toward computers and technology carried over into *2001*, in which the astronaut had to kill the rebellious HAL before it killed him. In Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, the machines are so dumb they're dangerous, and in *Demon Seed*, all the computer wants to do is make it with Julie Christie. And yet in *Star Wars* Lucas more or less discards the human as hero and invents instead robot protagonists who prove that technology doesn't have to be evil. Goodbye, Junior Johnson, Thurman Munson, Muhammad Ali and George Willig; welcome, R2D2, C3P0 and a legion of other robot personalities who do their jobs with dedication and charm—as "good" role models should.

"The other characters have traits we'd like to have, the computers have what we've got," is how production designer John Barry explains it. The humans get the glory, but it's the

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT: CARRIE FISHER INSERTS THE SECRET PLANS INTO R2D2'S MEMORY BANK. "I'M STILL GETTING OVER HIM," THE ACTRESS DEADPANS, A YEAR AFTER FILMING. "I HOPE THEY'LL LET US RUN OFF TOGETHER IN THE SEQUEL"

GOODNESS IN THE OLD WEST: FOR THE LONE RANGER, VIRTUE MEANT NEVER LETTING PEOPLE SEE YOUR FACE AND GIVING THE INDIAN ALL THE GOOD LINES. IN *STAR WARS*, THERE ARE ENOUGH HEROICS FOR THE HUMANS AND THEIR ELECTRONIC TONTOS

androids who do the groundwork which sets up Luke Skywalker's and Obi-Wan Kenobi's heroics; the computers are technological saints, modest but brave, fearful yet determined. Let people treat them badly—as when they enter a space bar with Luke and Obi-Wan and are bluntly told, "We don't serve your kind here." R2D2 bears it with a melancholy beep; C3P0 translates the feeling into words: "We're made to suffer, it's our lot in life." I like them because they never lose their faith, or their sense of humor. Like the best humans, the good robots have "The Force" with them.

I went on like this for days before my urban skepticism began to reassert itself. And then I thought: 'Maybe I was just projecting. Maybe George Lucas was just a physics major who made good, a shy, reclusive R2D2 who can process data beautifully, then touch it with the green thumb of commercialism. Maybe John Barry was C3P0, running interference for Lucas and translating for him. Maybe *Star Wars* was nothing heavier than an escapist romp.' I was immensely reassured.

So I went and saw the film again.

The second time around, *Star Wars* is even more a hymn to heroic computers; the human characters recede so far you can see Lucas endorsing not only the potential goodness of technology, but providing, in the form of a movie, an example of its benign possibilities. What becomes important about *Star Wars* the second time isn't so much what it says, but what it is.

The nonhuman intelligence that overwhelms viewers in *Star Wars* is also found offscreen, in the computer Lucas attached to the camera so shots and camera moves could be instantly matched and great chunks of time could be saved in the editing room; without being aware of it, we're appreciating another computer, which was programmed to rock the camera and give the spacecrafts the illusion of flight; and a third computer, which was used by the production unit to keep track of all the data 900 people were accumulating for the film.

All of this made moviemaking itself simpler and cheaper, and gave Lucas the freedom to create at the highest possible level; it was technology, not his imagination, that freed him to make what producer Gary Kurtz proudly calls "a complete piece of work." That it makes hardened anti-technology types reconsider their resistance is a bonus compared to the film's possible effect on children—*Star Wars* is less a fantasy for them than a technological vision of what's possible now. Microcompressors, the proliferation of cheap pocket calculators, the availability of $500 desk-sized computers and home video screens that can ultimately be linked to computer libraries will be, barring apocalypse, the common reality of their lives. And *Star Wars* is the most painless introduction to that world.

For the millions of kids who will swallow *Star Wars* whole—as Lucas, a generation ago, swallowed Edgar Rice Burroughs and Jules Verne, *The Wizard of Oz* and *Metropolis*—the message of the movie is that technology is California, a land with no hard edges and everything in its place. "Laid-back technology," producer Kurtz calls it. "In the world we created, it serves people as it's supposed to. You use it without having to think about it. You'd never worry about it unless it didn't work."

Four days after *Star Wars* opened, R2D2 and C3P0's "real-life" cousins at the Jet Propul-

May the (sales) force be with you: *Star Wars*' intergalactic success

In its first two weeks, *Star Wars* has grossed almost $6 million at 44 theaters across the country—the highest per-theater gross in movie history. 'Star Wars' Best Start Since 'Jaws'" said *Variety*, which aptly labeled the take in one city "astronomical." Conservative estimates now predict an eventual gross of at least $100 million, and the film is given an outside shot at surpassing the $200 million gross of *Jaws*, the all-time champ.

Director George Lucas, 33, has 40 percent of the profits, which would seem to be worth a minimum of $20 million. He is said to have given a "point"—1 percent of the gross—to a number of stars and technicians. The other 60 percent goes to Twentieth Century-Fox, whose stock has soared from $12 a share to over $20 since the film opened. This has surely caused some raised eyebrows at United Artists and Universal, which both passed on Lucas' original 12-page treatment.

As might be expected, the rush for a seat on the *Star Wars* bandrocket is on. Among those who have already made their reservations:

Marvel Comics is putting out at least six issues of *Star Wars*; negotiations are currently underway to expand the series. Three monthly issues have come out so far, and the first issue (cover price 30 cents) is already worth $2 on the comic-book market.

George Fenmore Associates have formed a separate corporation, SW Ventures, to market the 20-page souvenir program. Several theaters have overcome their initial reluctance to handle the item (Graumann's Chinese Theatre balked, but has just ordered 5,000) and Fenmore now has 450,000 in print. If you couldn't get one at your theater, don't fear—they'll soon be in bookstores and sci-fi shops, at $1.50 each.

Twentieth Century-Fox Records has already shipped over 200,000 copies of the soundtrack album, listing at $8.98.

Factors, Etc. has cornered the T-shirt and poster market. The three shirt designs to date feature the Hildebrand illustration (the picture used in the ads), C3PO and R2D2 and Darth Vader's helmet. The shirts sell for $5 each. All three designs, plus the logo "May The Force Be With You," will be available for lithographic transfers (iron-ons) for $1.50. The Hildebrand painting is also out on a $2 color poster, and a $5 mural-size poster of all the heroes is planned. Buttons? "May The Force Be With You" ($1) is available now, and others are imminent.

Ballantine has the paperback novelization out now, at $1.95. (Ballantine reportedly purchased the book for an extraordinarily low sum, though they call the rumored figure of $2,500 "ridiculous.") Between now and Christmas, Ballantine promises the following: a hard-cover and trade paperback of the original art, sketches and stills from the film, including the shooting script; a portfolio of the original art; blueprints of the machinery; *The Making of Star Wars* by Charles Lippincott (who has directed the film's promotion campaign); and a 1978 calendar. In addition, Ballantine has all publishing rights for sequels and off-shoot novels based on the original characters. A hard-cover version of the novelization is due from the Science Fiction Book Club.

Don Post Studios will have lifelike masks of Chewbacca, Darth Vader, the Stormtroopers, and C3PO (all complete with hair and eyes, and made of hard vinyl) on the market in about a month, at $39.95 each.

Ben Cooper promises *Star Wars* costumes in time for Halloween.

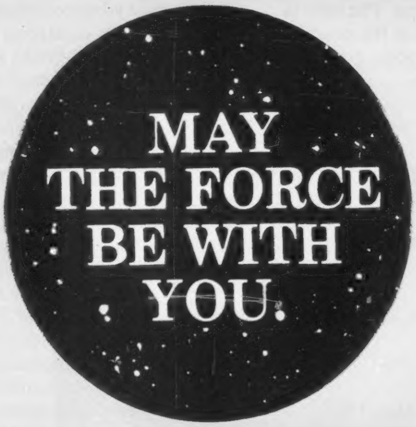
Kenner expects to have a full line of toys on sale by early 1978.

And Ken Films is putting out within two weeks a 7½-minute Super 8 film of the first star fight, which includes the escape into hyperspace (color sound, $29.95; color silent, $17.95; black and white silent, $8.95).

In addition, 6,000 color transparencies (many of them irreplacable originals) and three spaceship models have been stolen from the production set and can be expected to start turning up on the black market.

The sequel is targeted for summer 1979.

—Paul Slansky



sion Lab in Pasadena finally got their chance to rap on the kind of question that has tied human intelligence in knots—whether there is life on Mars. The computers had been processing Martian data from two Viking probes since last July 28th, and the computers decided there really wasn't much point continuing to monitor the surface of Mars. Nothing was happening. A human might have given the red planet more time—a few thousand years, say—to reveal its life forms. Not these guys. They presented their findings to NASA, the scientists agreed with them, and then the computers sent an impulse 38.6 million miles into space to turn the biology equipment on the Viking landers completely off.

Long, long ago and far away, in the time before there was a *Star Wars*, I would have noticed the tiny AP bulletin buried on an inside page of the newspaper and shrieked "conspiracy." Obviously there *was* life on Mars: the government, convinced that we couldn't handle such news, had simply suppressed it. Only the computers knew the truth, but they were like R2D2 without C3P0—prisoners, like the rest of us, of a technological elite accountable only to itself. Paranoid theorizing, right out of William Burroughs, but with conspiracy theories running through the subcurrents of our national lives, it was hard not to think that way sometimes. Only now, thanks to *Star Wars*, I'm temporarily inclined to believe that technology isn't soulless, that the NASA computers did the best job they could. At least until this learn-to-love-your-robot infatuation wears off, I'm willing to keep an open mind. And I know, I know what you're thinking, but for now, at least, it's hard *not* to hope "The Force" really is with NASA . . .

A Cool Look at a Hot 'Star'

By Richard Corliss

It's 4:30 on a rainy Monday afternoon, and the lobby of Loew's Astor Plaza on Times Square is packed. Hundreds of people—most of them youngish whites, but with a casting director's sprinkling of other racial and age groups—are standing around, or huddled in twos and fours on the floor. The murmur is one of respectful anticipation; we might be waiting for a Saturday matinee performance of the Second Coming. The tone is subdued even at the candy stand, where popcorn is going fast at $1.50 per jumbo container. We must have popcorn—but where are the Jujubes? We need these canonical props, these edible fetishes, not to help us enjoy a movie but to prepare us for a rite of purification. We're going to recapture, or at least revisit, our youth. We're about to do something extraordinary, maybe even sacred: have two hours of innocent fun. Or die trying.

A day later, I'm still not sure whether audiences love *Star Wars*—respond to its intergalactic adventure directly, instead of filtering it through the seven deadly veils of nostalgia, homage, irony, slummery, parody, elegy and camp—or whether the enthusiasm for George Lucas' space fantasy is simply a massive triumph of the movie-goer's will. Surely the Astor Plaza crowd was *with* the film. They cheered when Obi-Wan Kenobi zapped a barroom bully, when the Millennium Falcon first gained light-speed, when Han Solo ineptly sweet-talked a security guard, when Luke and Leia executed their Fairbanks leap across a chasm, and through much of the final dogfight. But they saved their loudest applause for the end of the movie—not the happy fadeout, but the final credit crawl. R2D2 may have won their hearts, but special-effects masters John Dykstra and John Stears won their minds.

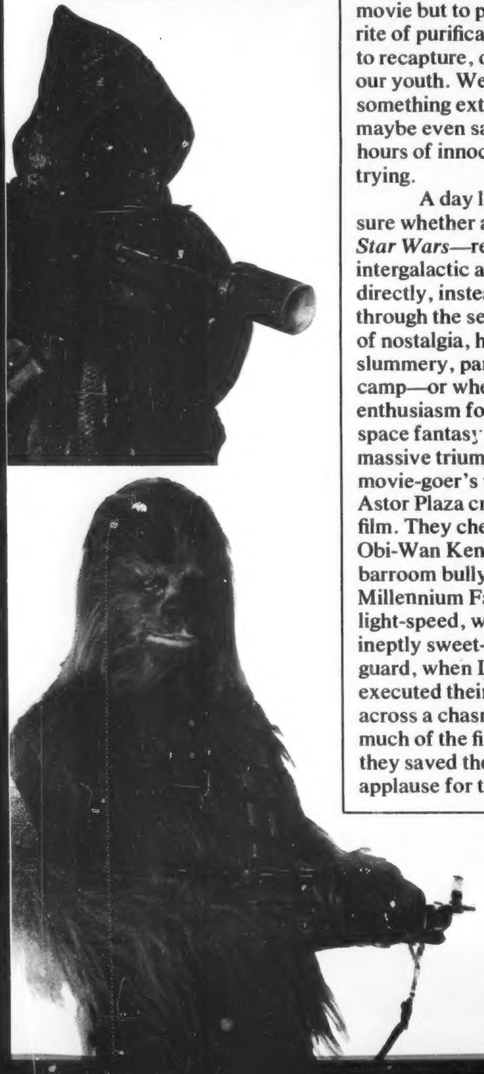
And that's it. *Star Wars* is a masterpiece of technology that you can admire without liking very much, a movie that can be fascinating but not always interesting. It's a thinking man's movie—or rather, a thinking boy's. It's for every child who assembled a model tank, or wanted to be an astronaut, or harbored a secret love for algebra. There are enough of those kids, and ex-kids, to have made *Star Wars* the fastest-breaking movie since *Jaws*. But are there enough Tinker Toy grads out there to give the movie the "legs" it needs to hold up as one of the all-time box-office champs? I doubt it, for a reason critic Stuart Byron expressed best: His mother wouldn't go to see it. The family melodrama in *Gone With the Wind* and *The Godfather* held up ornate mirrors to our own roots; the terror in *Jaws* and *The Exorcist* played on our deepest fears. And everybody went to see those movies. (*My* mother, too.) *Star Wars* doesn't have the breadth of their appeal, doesn't probe to any emotional depth. It's ethereal, not elemental. It's got density but no solidity. It doesn't mean anything; it's all diversion. My guess: the movie's "legs" will prove as vulnerable as C3PO's.

One reason: As stunning an optical experience as the movie is, you have to work to get into it. One of Lucas' strongest influences was clearly the *Flash Gordon* movie serials of a generation ago—from the theme to the pacing (a climax every 15 minutes) to the quick, dead readings by many of the movie's bit players, even to the visual "punctuation" (wipes, fast dissolves, etc.)—and *Star Wars* begins smack in the middle of things, as if you'd just walked into Chapter 4 of a Buster Crabbe cliff-hanger. Or into a Borges fiction; things are very strange and *very* complicated. Lucas has made the storyline as straightforward, even banal, as possible, to give us time to explore the universe he's created. But the film still makes the assumption that we'll take the unexplained intricacies of that environment on faith, or for granted. I wanted to learn more about the Sandpeople, and the nightmare Muppets in the barroom, and those Munchkin Shylocks, the Jawas. But this is one movie where you really can't tell many of the players without a program. (Which was also on sale in the Astor lobby.)

"It's always been what you might call a good idea in search of a story," Lucas says. The idea is what the movie looks like—its galaxy of terrains and creatures—and it's terrific. *Star Wars* gives you the sense of a world beyond the edges of the frame, and of the massive and generous intelligence behind the camera. But, in a way, the intelligence is also barren, because what's happening in center-screen isn't nearly so enthralling. The film's story is bad pulp, and so are the characters of hero Luke and heroine Leia. I'm sure the poverty of the narrative is intentional. From his first short films a decade ago, Lucas has struck me as a cool calculator—choosing his shots with infinite care, beginning with a movie vision that verges on the austere, then inching back toward the Hollywood center.

As an illustrator of Edgar Rice Burroughs space tales, Lucas is the polar

Continued on page 65



JAWAS (BAD) AND CHEWBACCA THE WOOKIE (GOOD): FANTASY WARRIORS IN A POST-HUMANIST LANDSCAPE WHERE TECHNICAL VIRTUOSITY OVERSHADOWS A MELANGE OF GENRES

Three Witnesses

By Dick Russell

For more than two years, New Times *has explored the mysteries surrounding the assassination of John F. Kennedy. At first, our articles pointed out the holes in the Warren Commission's theory that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone in Dallas on November 22, 1963. After the House of Representatives voted—in the wake of Watergate and the exposure of FBI and CIA abuses—to investigate the assassination anew, we reported extensively on the Committee's progress. Now, of course, that investigation has been crippled by the forced resignation of Chief Counsel Richard Sprague (*New Times, *May 13).*

What we present here is an intriguing series of tales surrounding the assassination. It is the story of three men: a baron, a gunrunner and a Cuban refugee. One was a close acquaintance of Lee Oswald; the others say they met him before the assassination. One killed himself the very day a House investigator planned to interview him; another will not let his name be used, because he fears for his life. All three talked at length to Dick Russell, the author of a forthcoming book on the Kennedy assassination. Taken alone, their stories are scenes from Raymond Chandler, snapshots of a once-incredible netherworld that has become increasingly familiar. As a whole, they may form the framework to the answer to what really happened in Dallas.

WIDE WORLD

"Of course, the truth of the assassination has not come out," Jeanna de Mohrenschildt said. "It will *never* come out. But we know it was a vast conspiracy." The Baron turned to face her. "Oswald," he said, "was a harmless lunatic"

The Baron

Like Fitzgerald's Gatsby, Baron George Sergei de Mohrenschildt was borne back ceaselessly into the past. In June of 1976, a sultry day in Dallas, he had stood gazing out the picture window of his second-story apartment, talking casually about a young man who used to curl up on the couch with the Baron's Great Danes.

"No matter what they say, Lee Harvey Oswald was a delightful guy," de Mohrenschildt was saying. "They make a moron out of him, but he was smart as hell. Ahead of his time really, a kind of hippie of those days. In fact, he was the most honest man I knew. And I will tell you this—I am sure he did *not* shoot the president."

Nine months later, on March 29, one hour after an investigator for the House Assassinations Committee left a calling-card with his daughter, the Baron apparently put a shotgun to his head in Palm Beach, Florida. In his absence came forward a Dutch journalist and longtime acquaintance, Willem Oltmans, with the sensational allegation that de Mohrenschildt had admitted serving as a middleman between Oswald and H.L. Hunt in an assassination plot involving other Texas oilmen, anti-Castro Cubans, and elements of the FBI and CIA.

But how credible was de Mohrenschildt? As an old friend in Dallas' Russian community, George Bouhe, once put it: "He's better equipped than anybody to talk. But we have an old Russian proverb that will always apply to George de Mohrenschildt: 'The soul of the other person is in the darkness.' "

Intrigue and oil were the two constants in the Baron's life. He was an emigrant son of the Czarist nobility who spoke five languages fluently and who, during the Second World War, was rumored to have spied for the French, Germans, Soviets and Latin Americans (the CIA's predecessor, the OSS, turned down his application). After the war, he went on to perform geological surveys for major U.S. oil companies all over South America, Europe and parts of Africa. He became acquainted with certain of Texas' more influential citizens—oilman John Mecom, construction magnates George and Herman Brown. In Mexico, he gained audience in 1960 with Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan. In 1961 he was present in Guatemala City—by his account, on a "walking tour"—when the Bay of Pigs troops set out for Cuba.

Finally, when Lee and Marina Oswald returned to Texas from the Soviet Union in June 1962, the Baron soon became their closest friend. Why? Why would a member of the exclusive Dallas Petroleum Club take under his wing a Trotsky-talking sheet-metal worker some 30 years his junior?

The Warren Commission took 118 pages of his testimony to satisfy itself of de Mohrenschildt's benign intent, but among critics the question persisted: Was the Baron really "baby-sitting" Oswald for the CIA? While de Mohrenschildt told the commission he'd never served as any government's agent "in any respect whatsoever," a CIA file for the commission, declassified in 1976, admits having used him as a source. In the course of several meetings with a man from its Dallas office upon de Mohrenschildt's return from Yugoslavia late in 1957, "the CIA representative obtained foreign intelligence which was promptly disseminated to other federal agencies in ten separate reports." The Dallas official, according to the file, maintained "informal occasional contact" with the Baron until the fall of 1961.

The Warren Commission volumes, however, contain only passing reference in de Mohrenschildt's testimony to a government man named "G. Walter Moore." His true name was J. Walton Moore, and he had served the CIA in Dallas since its inception in 1947.

In two brief, cryptic interviews with me in the 18 months before his death, de Mohrenschildt claimed he would not have struck up his relationship with Oswald "if Jim Moore hadn't told me Oswald was safe." The Baron wouldn't elaborate on that statement, except to hint that it constituted some kind of clearance.

J. Walton Moore is now a tall, white-haired man in his middle sixties, who continues to operate out of Dallas' small CIA office. Questioned at his home one summer evening in 1976 about de Mohrenschildt's remarks, he conceded knowing the Baron as a "pleasant sort of fellow" who provided "some decent information" after a trip to Yugoslavia. "To the best of my recollection, I hadn't seen de Mohrenschildt for a couple of years before the assassination," Moore added. "I don't know where George got the idea that I cleared Oswald for him. I never met Oswald. I never heard his name before the assassination."

For sure, the CIA did maintain an interest in de Mohrenschildt at least through April of 1963. That month, Oswald left Texas for New Orleans and de Mohrenschildt prepared to depart for a lucrative geological survey contract in Haiti. On April 29, according to a CIA Office of Security file, also declassified in 1976, "[Deleted] Case Officer had requested an expedite check of George DE MOHRENSCHILDT for reasons unknown to Security."

There is one alleged ex-CIA contract employee, now working for an oil company in Los Angeles, prepared to testify that de Mohrenschildt was the overseer of an aborted CIA plot to overthrow Haitian President Francois ("Papa Doc") Duvalier in June 1963. The existence of such a plot was examined, but apparently couldn't be substantiated, by the Church Committee. Herb Atkin is sure the plot did exist.

"I knew de Mohrenschildt as Philip Harbin," Atkin said when contacted by telephone a few days after the Baron's suicide. "A lot of people in Washington have claimed that Harbin did not exist. But he's the one that ran me from the late fifties onward. I'm certain that de Mohrenschildt was my case officer's real name."

If so, the Harbin alias may have a readily identifiable origin. De Mohrenschildt's fourth wife, Jeanna, was born in Harbin, China.

One summer day in 1976, still in her bathrobe, she sat at a dining room table cluttered with plants and dishes and watched her husband begin to pace the floor. "Of course, the truth of the assassination has not come out," she said. "It will *never* come out. But we know it was a vast conspiracy."

The Baron turned to face her. "Oswald," he said, "was a harmless lunatic."

At our first interview, I had asked de Mohrenschildt what he knew about the recurring reports of Oswald in the presence of Cubans. He had nodded agreement. "Oswald probably did not know himself who they were," he replied. "I myself was in a little bit of danger from those Cubans, but I don't know who they are. Criminal lunatics." When I broached the subject now in the presence of his wife, de Mohrenschildt said something to her in Russian. She then answered for him: "That's a different story. But one must examine the anti-Castro motive of the time. After the Bay of Pigs."

A few months later, de Mohrenschildt was committed by his wife to the psychiatric unit of Parkland Memorial Hospital. There were rumors of a book naming CIA names in connection with Oswald, squirreled away with his wife's attorney. According to journalist Oltmans, upon leaving the hospital de Mohrenschildt told him: "They're going to kill me or put me away forever. You've got to get me out of the country." In March, the Baron took a leave-of-absence from his French professorship at Dallas' virtually all-black Bishop College. He flew with Oltmans to Belgium, wandered away during lunch, and wound up in Florida at his daughter's home. There, a tape machine being used to transcribe a television program is said to have recorded his suicide.

The Gunrunner

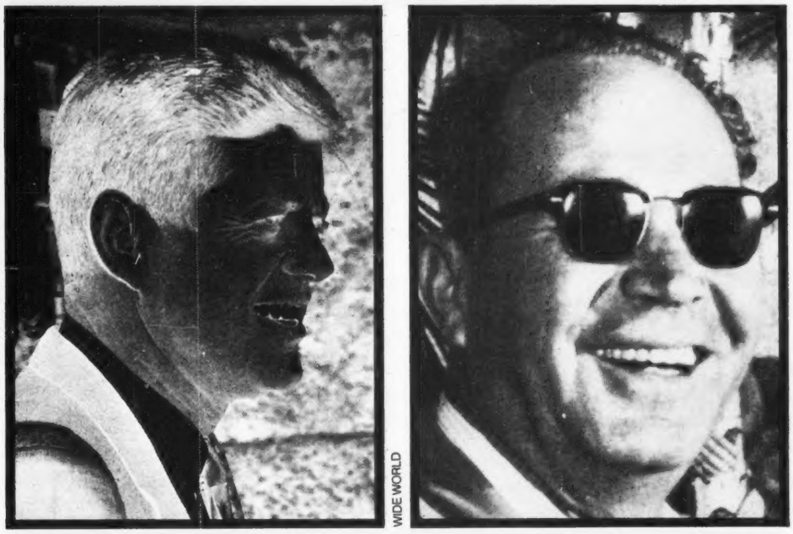
Robert Ray McKeown lives with his only daughter in a little wooden house in south Miami. There is a pane of glass missing from the front door so that, from the rocking chair where he sits inscrutably behind his sunglasses, he always knows who's knocking. At 65, the same age George de Mohrenschildt was, Robert McKeown hasn't worked in five years because of lung trouble. Now, he says, he's going to write a book about some people he once knew. Two of them—de Mohrenschildt and ex-Cuban President Carlos Prio Socarras—apparently committed suicides within a week of each other. Two more died some time ago. Their names were Jack Ruby and Lee Harvey Oswald.

In the fall of 1975, McKeown surfaced briefly on a CBS special about the Kennedy case, telling Dan Rather about Oswald and a Latin man coming to see him concerning the purchase of four high-powered automatic rifles in the fall of 1963. CBS didn't ask about McKeown's earlier association with Jack

Ruby, as documented by the Warren Commission. Indeed, according to McKeown, there was plenty he didn't say to CBS.

"One thing is," he says, "I knew that Cuban with Oswald from before. Knew him from Cuba. 'Cept he didn't know I knew. His name was Hernandez."

The intricate chain tying McKeown to the dramatis personae of the Kennedy assassination begins in Cuba in the mid-1950s. A mechanical engineer, McKeown had designed a new coffee-cleaning machine and opened offices in Havana under Fulgencio Batista. But when the dictator demanded his own $5,000-a-month cut and McKeown refused, Batista confiscated the business. So McKeown came to Miami—and to the patronage of Dr. Carlos Prio Socarras.


WIDE WORLD

Robert Ray McKeown says that Jack Ruby came to him in 1959 to say that "his people were willing to give me $15,000 to help get five people outta Cuba. And his people, he said, were the Mafia." Four-and-a-half years later, in the summer of 1963, another visitor to McKeown's door offered $10,000 for four .300 Savage semiautomatic rifles with telescopic sights. His name was Lee Oswald

The "Cuban Democracy" tenure of Carlos Prio (1948-1952) has often been described as the most corrupt in the island's history, a time when political gangs (and some American counterparts) ran rampant. In the end, Batista ousted him. But, as McKeown puts it, "Prio got out of Cuba with a helluva lotta money, and he didn't give a damn how he spent it either. I carried $100,000 in cash in my goddamn inside coat pocket a lotta times."

The two of them became comrades in arms, shipping them from Houston to Fidel Castro's revolutionary band in Mexico City. After the revolution, according to McKeown, Prio had a promise from Castro to resume the presidency. Besides McKeown, Prio enlisted a young mercenary named Frank Sturgis, other Cuban exiles and occasional aid from teamster-mafia interests. Then, in 1958, the FBI cracked down.

For his part in supplying illegal weapons, McKeown got six months in jail and a $500 fine. Then, having done his time, he says he began receiving a stream of unusual visitors: Someone from Mexican intelligence, a CIA man who wanted him to check out a certain Mexican, two Miami "intelligence officers" who wanted him to work closer with the Cubans on "something to do with cocaine." On January 3, 1959, as Castro marched into Havana, a Houston newspaper headlined: "Gunrunner Hails Castro Victory." A week later, a deputy sheriff dropped by. A man in Dallas was desperate to reach McKeown, "in a case of life and death."

The man was Jack Ruby. "He told me his people were willing to give me $15,000 to help get five people outta Cuba. He mentioned some Jewish-sounding names, and a fella in Las Vegas. And his people, he said, were the mafia. That's what he called it, the mafia, but he never did mention no names. Later he says he's gonna give me $25,000 for a letter of introduction to Castro, but he never did come up with the money."

Four-and-a-half years passed before Lee Oswald made a similar visit to McKeown's door. "I was married to a schoolteacher," McKeown remembers. "I'd divorced my wife right after all my trouble. Lived right on the water in a little town called Bay Cliff, right between Houston and Dallas. One Saturday morning—it was either August or the first of September, because my wife was gettin' ready to go back to school—about 11 o'clock, somebody knocked on the door. I'd heard this car stop out there, station wagon, and I seen these two guys get out. Real light color car, kinda pinkish. This guy driving it, the one I knew before, his name was Hernandez. This other guy said, 'My name's Oswald. Just call me Lee.' Then he says, 'I can see I got the right man.' I said, 'Whataya mean?' He says, 'Well, your name is McKeown, isn't it?' So I invited him in with this Spanish man, who was well-dressed, with a tie and everything, and Oswald he was in shirtsleeves. And Oswald commenced telling me, after he sat down, he said, 'Might as well get to the point. I want to know if you'd be interested in furnishing some arms. My contacts have a big opportunity to take over Salvador.' "

Salvador?

"Down in Central America. San Salvador. And I told him, I said, 'Now listen man, lemmee tell you something. I'm on five years probation and I don't want no part of no kinda arms.' So Oswald kept talkin', kept talkin', says, 'Well, I know I got the right man and I know you can get me anything I want, can't you?' "

McKeown says he was adamant in his refusal, and the two departed. About a half-hour later, they returned. This time, Oswald offered $10,000 for four .300 Savage semiautomatic rifles with telescopic sights.

"Oswald said, 'You're the man that run all the guns to Castro and got caught with the cache here in Houston, aren't you?' 'Yeah,' I says, 'but that's all in the past.' I told him I didn't want no part of this kinda business."

Still, says McKeown, Oswald persisted by telephone. "My wife was home alone and she tells me, 'Who in the hell was it calling you wantin' to know if you changed your mind yet?' I says, 'I don't know who it is.' I was tryin' to keep her from findin' out about my past. Then the FBI come to see me, same day as the assassination. Hell, I was scared. I didn't tell 'em nothin' about Oswald. But

I knew that was the little sonovabitch. . ."

Before he agreed to go on CBS, Robert McKeown consulted with his old friend, Carlos Prio. After Castro's takeover, Prio had gone back to Cuba. But when Castro did not welcome him back into the echelons of power, Prio returned to exile in 1961 and became a spokesman for anti-Castro forces in Miami. Last April 5, Prio was found in his Miami Beach garage with a .38-caliber bullet in his chest. McKeown, contacted by telephone, had no comment.

He did, however, have something to say about George de Mohrenschildt. "He came to me one time. Long time ago." Why? "Well, that's something else. Just to ask me a few questions, that's all." Concerning Cuba? "No, Oswald." After or before the assassination? "Oh, before. No, after. No, before—goddamn, after. It's been so long." And what did he want to know? "Well, none of your business. I don't want to get all messed up in this."

The Exile

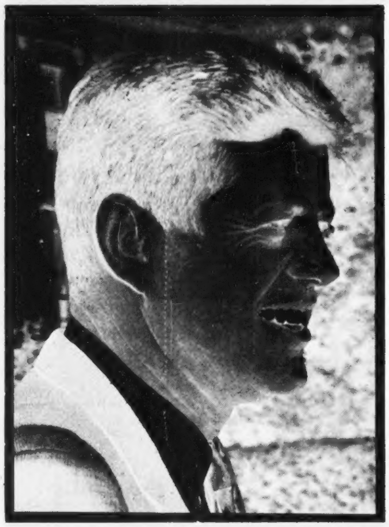
For more than a year now, congressional investigators have been looking for a man with dark hair, deep lines across a high forehead, and sunspots below his blue eyes. He would be approaching sixty now. In 1963, he stood about 6-foot-2 and weighed close to 200 pounds, a stocky, soft-spoken man who wore expensive sportswear and liked to roam Latin America as if he owned it.

As late as 1972, the man still served a U.S. intelligence agency, almost certainly the CIA. The Philadelphia police, which did the composite that led to the capture of the Knight slayer, did a similar sketch for a Schweiker committee investigator who now works for the House. If the House can find him, he may contain the answer that McKeown and others hold only a piece of.

He was once the case officer for a violence-prone, CIA-supported Cuban exile faction called Alpha 66. As "Morris Bishop," he met continually with one of the group's Cuban founders over a 13-year period. They met everywhere from Chile to Las Vegas. They planned everything from Castro's assassination to the disruption of Bolivia's currency. One August afternoon in 1963, they met in the company of Lee Harvey Oswald.

That is the story told by a Cuban I will call "Carlos." We met twice in Miami hotel lobbies in 1976, where I agreed not to identify him for fear of retaliation against his life. Carlos estimates he met at least 100 times with "Morris Bishop" in the early 1960s, first in Havana where, says Carlos, "Bishop had a fake passport from Belgium, and was able to enter whenever he pleased. He also spoke French very well." But in 1960, when Castro's secret police uncovered an early plot to fire a bazooka into the presidential palace, Carlos fled into exile in Miami.

Within weeks of Carlos' coming to the U.S., Bishop contacted him again. He had him organize a cadre of veteran revolutionaries who'd fought alongside Castro before turning against him when he turned to the Soviets. This became Alpha 66. After the Cuban Missile Crisis, says Carlos, Bishop set in motion the commando raids on Russian merchant shipping in Cuban ports that would result in President Kennedy's crackdown on anti-Castro activities in 1963.


WIDE WORLD

The U.S. intelligence agent, case officer for the violence-prone, CIA-supported Cuban exile faction, met continually with 'Carlos.' They planned everything from Castro's assassination to the disruption of Bolivia's currency. One August afternoon in 1963, they met in the company of Lee Harvey Oswald

"Bishop believed that Kennedy and Khrushchev had made a secret pact to do nothing about Cuba. He kept saying Kennedy would have to be forced to make a decision, and the only way was to put him up against the wall. Three ships were attacked in different ports of Cuba. To further make Kennedy reach a point, we held a press conference in Washington to let him know about the commando groups."

Four months later, Bishop called Carlos to Dallas. "He had previously contacted me for other meetings in Dallas. When I arrived at the airport, he had given me the address to a building, a bank or insurance company. This was in August 1963. There I met Bishop and Lee Oswald. I didn't know it was Oswald until November, when I saw the pictures on television. But the three of us walked to a cafeteria. Oswald was with us 10 or 15 minutes. He did not say one word. He was very quiet, very strange. Bishop then told Oswald, 'See you later' and Oswald left."

After the assassination, says Carlos, "the FBI contacted me to ask several questions. At first I was worried, but the agent who interviewed me said it was a matter of routine, nothing important. I didn't tell the agent anything, because I thought it would harm the movement."

Carlos says he never asked Bishop about Oswald, "because Bishop always told me that in this type of work, you just do things, you don't ask." But in 1964, Bishop tried to induce him to offer Carlos' cousin—then one of Castro's top intelligence aides—a considerable sum to defect and to say that Oswald had contact with Castro agents.

"I asked Bishop if this was true. He said it did not matter, what was important was to get my cousin to make that statement. Bishop never brought up the topic again, and I never asked. I always thought that Bishop was trying to make a cover for himself. I believe Bishop was working with Oswald during the assassination. About six months later, I brought up the topic about giving money to my cousin. Bishop said there was no need to talk about that plan any longer."

Around this same time, Carlos remembers being called to a meeting in Las Vegas. "We were in a hotel and Bishop left to do something. In his briefcase, I saw a memo with the plans we were doing, movements to contact, the activities of commando groups in Texas. The memo had the initials 'To HH.' There was a millionaire Hunt in Texas, very conservative. I thought, since Bishop was so right-wing himself, maybe he was in contact with the millionaire. Other times I think he works with Hughes. But this is all speculation."

The years passed. Years in Puerto Rico, infiltrating the Communist movement, posing as a sports promoter. Years in Bolivia, a $30,000 banking specialist with the State Department, working to undermine a leftist government. Carlos' final mission for Morris Bishop was to organize the assassination of Castro, when he came to visit Chile in 1971.

"It was very similar to the assassination of Kennedy, because the person Bishop assigned to kill Castro was going to get planted with papers to make it appear he was a Moscow Castro agent who turned traitor, and then he himself would be killed. But the plan never got off the ground. We had TV cameras with machine guns mounted inside to kill Castro during his speech, but one agent had an appendicitis attack and we had to rush him to the hospital. The other agent said he wouldn't do it alone.

"After this," says Carlos, "a lot of differences began to come up. So many lives being lost, and nowhere."

On July 24, 1973, the Drug Enforcement Administration arrested him on a narcotics-dealing charge that he claims was "a set-up because of my previous activities." Two days later, Bishop paid him a cumulative salary of over $150,000 for his 13 years of service to the CIA. And Bishop never contacted him again. Carlos served 17 months in the Atlanta Penitentiary. Immediately upon his release, the Church Committee contacted him—and he began to relate his history to them.

Last fall, Carlos was flown to Washington by Senate investigators and taken secretly to a meeting of the CIA's Association of Retired Intelligence Officers. It was hoped he might offer a positive identification of Bishop as David Atlee Phillips, recently retired agency veteran in Latin America and a close match for Carlos' description. But Carlos refused to say. The search for Morris Bishop goes on. ●

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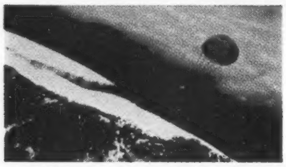
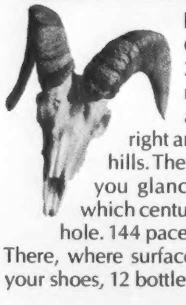
Since 1967 six cases of Canadian Club have been hidden and never found.

Here's where you can find them:

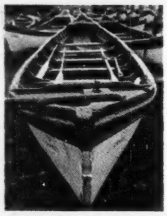


Mt. Kilimanjaro. Your driver will take you from Nairobi Airport 240 miles southeast to the slopes of Kilimanjaro. You'll climb through the Giant Heath Forest to Mandara Hut, 9,000 feet up. The following morning you'll stumble outside to stare straight up at your real work—over 10,000 feet of sliding rock, hidden crevasses, and ice avalanches. In addition to boots, ropes and ice axes, you'll need a sound heart, strong lungs, powerful legs and plenty of luck. But somewhere 19,340 feet over Equatorial Africa, a case of Canadian Club is still waiting for you.

Great Barrier Reef. When you reach calm waters between Little Hope and Big Hope Islands you'll need all your courage before facing the deep. Beneath the warm, soothing waves of the Coral Sea lurks the world's most treacherous mass of twisted coral and rock, the Great Barrier Reef. As your captain tosses the dinghy over the side, someone will shout "Dabargo warkigo" (good luck). And you'll need it. You'll be exploring the eerie world where 200-pound clams filter the clear water. Where giant man-eating sharks patrol. And where we submerged a case of Canadian Club on August 14, 1968.

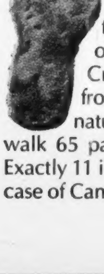


Death Valley. Head south out of Furnace Creek. You'll pass Badwater, a brackish pool 280 feet below sea level and as close to Hell as man on earth can get. As you cross the boundary of Death Valley National Monument turn right and look for an old road that leads straight to the hills. The road forks and becomes a wash to the right. As you glance around, notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural hole. 144 paces up from that rock turn west for 13 more steps. There, where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the soles of your shoes, 12 bottles of the wettest whisky in 87 lands lie buried.



Robinson Crusoe Island. Fly to Santiago, Chile, then on to Robinson Crusoe. Once there, the men who run the radio shack will help you pack your gear down the side of a steep cliff to the beach. There, one of the island's handmade cypress fishing boats will be waiting to take you on the long trip to the other side. Several thousand six-foot waves later, you'll pull into Pangal Bay. Buried somewhere inside one of the caves that spot the coastline, beneath one of the boulders thrown there by the winter storms, is our treasure. It has been waiting patiently for you since August 1, 1970.

Loch Ness. Fly to Inverness and then drive the few miles to Loch Ness along General Wade's Military Road until you get to the tiny hamlet, Dores. You will be at the northeastern tip of the 24-mile Loch. There's a small inn in town where you can enjoy a Canadian Club and get a good description of the monster from the owner. He and the lady who works with him have actually sighted the beast. In back of the inn, about 250 yards straight out from the dock looking toward Tar Point and about 30 yards off the perpendicular shore to your right, we dropped a sealed, watertight case of Canadian Club.



Bigfoot's feeding ground. Deep into the Cascade Mountains in America's Pacific Northwest lurks a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid they call Bigfoot. The buried case lies smack in the middle of his feeding ground, about the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain as it is north of Bluff Creek in California. Somewhere between 6 and 9 miles from the peak of a dormant volcano you'll find an unnatural pile of broken green rocks. From the top of this pile walk 65 paces east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces south. Exactly 11 inches below the virgin forest floor at your feet lies that case of Canadian Club.

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
C.C.
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THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
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"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1977

Sorry, Charlie

It was the height of fishing season, America's tuna fleet was still in port. For years the storm to save the dolphin had been brewing, and now it hit, full-force

By Stephen Singular

Dolphins remind me of dogs. They appear content even in confinement, they smile a lot, they like being patted, and they have the same ingratiating manner. Also, they seem to enjoy pleasing more than being waited upon. Other people have made the comparison of dolphins and dogs. In *Marine Mammals and Man*, Forrest Wood has even written that the dolphin has replaced the dog as the friendliest and smartest of animals. Whatever, they are hard to resist. When you play with an apparently happy dolphin, it makes you feel better about yourself. Some dolphins look and act deferential. Others seem more ironic. Almost all have a penchant for grandstanding—shooting straight out of the water and glancing around for an audience—and a sense of humor. In *Moby Dick*, Herman Melville wrote of the dolphin, "Their appearance is generally hailed with delight by the mariner. Full of fine spirits, they invariably come from the breezy billows to windward. . . . They are accounted a lucky omen. If you yourself can withstand three cheers at beholding these vivacious fish, then heaven help ye; the spirit of godly gamesomeness is not in ye." Children go wild watching dolphins. Adults are equally fascinated but usually restrain themselves. Most often, they call dolphins "cute."

Because of their nature, dolphins have gradually become embroiled in one of the most passionate and economically important environmental wars ever. Dolphins are small-toothed whales, aquatic mammals. They don't sleep; they have to remember to breathe and if they slept they would forget and drown. So they swim near the top of the water and occasionally rest, floating on the surface. Choice yellowfin tuna live just beneath them. American fishermen, seining for yellowfin, "incidentally" kill dolphins: 375,000 died in 1972. Dolphins often swim in schools of 200 or more and they are a social animal; the group takes care of its sick or injured individuals. Healthy, these graceful 1,000-pound creatures dive above the water in arcs and "fly" in schools. Their intelligence and friendliness aside, the sight of five or six iridescent dolphins sailing side-by-side in the sunshine alone explains why environmentalists are enraged by their slaughter.

The problem of dolphin mortality goes back to the early sixties, when fishermen stopped using bait boats, poles and hooks, and began using multi-million-dollar purse seiners. Unlike a fishing pole, a purse seine is indiscriminate. Whatever is within its boundaries—600 feet deep and two-thirds of a mile long—is trapped. For reasons that scientists have yet to explain, dolphins and yellowfin travel together. (The generally accepted theory is that they have a similar diet: anchovies, shiners, other small fish.) Yellowfin, prime, lightmeat tuna, brings the highest price, $665 a ton, on U.S. markets. Other species—albacore, bluefin, skipjack and bonita, which do not swim with dolphins—sell for less. When a fisherman sights dolphins, he has found the tuna he wants—thus "fishing on" dolphins. When he lowers his seine, dolphins either get snagged in the netting and drown, or become confused and "frustrated" and sink to the net's bottom, where they usually die. Fishing the eastern tropical Pacific, the 140 U.S. tuna boats kill three species of dolphin—the offshore spotted, the eastern spinner and the white-bellied spinner. Seining has made the U.S. fleet the most prosperous. (Many Japanese and Russian ships still use the less efficient lines and poles.) Seining has also made the fleet the greatest destroyer of marine mammals: the U.S. is responsible for 74 percent of the dolphins killed worldwide. As long as this fishing technology is used, some dolphins must inevitably die. The question remains: How many?

In 1958, to lower dolphin mortality, fishermen developed the backdown procedure, in which the skipper places his ship in reverse, causing the seine to go slack. As the net falls below the surface, out from under the dolphins, some swim free. Despite this technique, many dolphins still died—800,000 in one year. The next breakthrough came in 1971 with the Medina Panel, created by a fisherman, Harold Medina. This panel, sewn in the net's top rear, opens and lets dolphins escape, while tuna remain in the webbing below.

Environmentalists had been protesting against incidental dolphin mortality for years, but it wasn't until the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 that their power began to be felt. They were concerned with the death and depletion—when a population can no longer sustain itself—of all dolphin

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KUH

stocks, but particularly with the eastern spinner, the most beautiful and the most endangered, now at only 54 percent of its original, pre-seining population. The MMPA was not specific in its recommendations, but its key phrase stated marine mammal deaths should be diminished "to insignificant levels approaching a zero mortality." The National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS), part of the Commerce Department, was responsible for enforcing the act. In the act's first year, dolphin mortality fell sharply, from near 400,000 to near 100,000. There it has plateaued: in 1974, 99,000 were killed; in 1975, 135,000; and in 1976, 104,000 in only a ten-month season. Through these years, environmentalist anger has grown into legal action. In May 1976, U.S. District Court Judge Charles Richey in Washington, D.C., ruled that the National Marine Fisheries Service had been too lenient in enforcing the mortality level of 78,000 for 1976, which had been previously established. He also told the NMFS and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) to establish more stringent, permanent standards by January 1, 1977. The fleet went to court in an unsuccessful fight against the quota, and in November, fishermen—having already killed 104,000 dolphins—were ordered to stop fishing for yellowfin tuna.

It soon became apparent that the NMFS and the NOAA would not have their standards ready by January 1. To expedite the process, the Commerce Department asked an administrative law judge, Frank Vanderheyden, to act as an arbitrator. In Washington and San Diego, Vanderheyden heard 60 witnesses, accepted 90 exhibits, and read 3,200 pages of testimony. Then he recommended a quota of 96,000 for 1977. Robert Schoning, director of NMFS, and Robert White, head of NOAA, decided to ignore Vanderheyden's opinion. In December, the Commerce Department told the fishermen that the new regulations they had been waiting for would be available by mid-April and that fishing permits could be had later that month. In January they sailed, and in February the Commerce Department set a 1977 quota of 59,050; more important, the department declared a "zero limit" on eastern spinners. Failure to obey these quotas carried with it possible criminal prosecution. If they killed *one* eastern spinner, fishermen faced possible confiscation of their catch, a $20,000 fine, or a year in jail for the ship's captain. With flags at half-mast, the fleet immediately returned home. The Commerce Department then ordered the FBI and U.S. Marshals to keep fishermen away from eastern spinners. The prospect of the FBI flying overhead with binoculars and movie cameras—or of G-men stowed away on board or disguised as fishermen—was enough to keep the fleet tied to the docks of San Diego.

The fishing strike quickly idled about 6,000 crew members, canners and truckers, and affected 25,000 other industry-related workers. In Puerto Rico, where unemployment was already 18.6 percent, Star-Kist laid off hundreds and Bumble Bee thousands. By March, the work stoppage had cost the industry $22 million; by May, the figure was closer to $50 million, and John Mulligan, executive director of the Tuna Research Foundation, estimated that the strike's impact on the American economy would be $1 billion. Though the figure is huge, it may not be an exaggeration: tuna is very big business. Americans eat more of it than of any other fish: 1.5 billion cans a year, with a per capita consumption of over three pounds.

Environmentalists labeled the strike a ploy and said the industry could have been fishing, carefully, all along. Because of the confusion and lost revenues, 14 American tuna boat owners asked for applications from the Maritime Administration to transfer their operations to Saudi Arabia, Mexico or other Central and South American countries—countries without dolphin mortality quotas. Environmentalists called these transfer requests a contrived threat and a bluff. In April, the industry began warning that the price of tuna would soon go from about 70 cents for a 7-ounce can of tuna to about one dollar. Some said it would reach $1.25. Environmentalists claimed that the industry had stockpiled at least a summer's supply of tuna and was trying to artificially inflate prices. Meanwhile, the Federal Trade Commission began a complete investigation of the possibility of price fixing in the tuna industry, subpoenaing over 6 million pages of corporate documents. And finally, the Humane Society of the United States began a nationwide tuna boycott, replete with expensive advertising, and aimed at individuals, restaurants and school cafeterias, major consumers of tuna.

It was May, and most fishermen had not been paid since October. They were angry, frustrated, confused—like dolphins snared in a purse seine. The Commerce Department, hoping to get the fishermen fishing, hinted that fishermen "accidentally" catching eastern spinners would not be prosecuted. Not until the 4th, however, did the department publish in the *Federal Register* that it would not be a criminal offense to fish on—and accidentally kill—eastern spinners.

Environmentalists were divided on the fishing issue. Some, like Thomas Gause of the Audubon Naturalist Society, said that the Commerce Department's quota of 59,050 was ludicrously high and that any killing over 19,000 a year had to stop. Others, like William Butler, attorney for the Environmental Defense Fund (which represents 14 conservation organizations), believed that the regulations were approximately fair (EDF recommended a quota of 53,000) and the fishermen unreasonable. He liked to point out that animal behaviorists had found that dolphins, when trapped, may sink to the bottom of the net, but not actually drown for several minutes. Out of fear, they merely lie still and feign death. If seine operators delay moving the net for a minute or so, the dolphins will regain composure and swim away. Butler believes this discovery, coupled with a new, fine-mesh net, which prevents the dolphin's rostrum (nose) from getting entangled, could help lower dolphin mortality far below 59,050. Last year, the experimental tuna vessel, the *Elizabeth C.J.*, sailed with behaviorists and government observers on board. The fishermen used the new techniques. In the entire trip, four dolphins were killed.

"The fishermen," said William Butler, who is as combative arguing as he is brilliant, "form a closely-knit Portugese-American community that doesn't like to be told what to do by anyone. They think they're the last of the true buccaneers. The solution is there if they would just give it a chance. The *Elizabeth C.J.* proves this. We're all for them going fishing. It's mind-boggling that they won't go back out and try this. They're holding the cannery workers and the consumers hostage."

On May 9, as a measure of what they called their "good will towards a solution," the boat owners voted to sail. The strike, however, was not officially to end for several more days.

On Friday the 13th of last month, the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee held a 10-hour hearing in Washington on the "tuna-porpoise problem." (The porpoise resembles the dolphin, hence the confusion.) Environmental groups, tuna corporations, fishing unions, boat owners, government agencies, scientific research organizations and Chambers of Commerce were represented; people were there who market tuna, who run the Humane Society of the United States, and who have taught dolphins to hula dance on water on cue. For the hearing's first five hours, it was standing room only. NBC television was on hand; so was CBS radio. The audience and witnesses were, for the most part, young, attractive and ready for a fight. The industry repeatedly claimed that, because of the "problem," it was being persecuted and was frightened of dying. In a news release distributed at the hearing, Cleveland Amory, president of the Fund for Animals, countered by writing that dolphins are the "most fascinating creatures in the world. . . . They are indeed creatures for whom there is the last best hope on earth for establishing inter-species communication." (This is not entirely hyperbole. Dr. John Lilly, of the Human/Dolphin Foundation in Malibu, California, is trying to get people and dolphins talking by translating, via computer, Dolphin into English and English into Dolphin.)

I NEED MY JOB NOT WELFARE
PROTECT AMERICAN TUNA INDUSTRY PROTECT
U.S. FISHERMEN
QUOTAS REGULATIONS

WIDE WORLD

Fish story: Environmentalists saw the killing of dolphins as unnecessary. Canners, fishermen and their wives saw quotas as threats to their livelihood

During his opening speech, Congressman John Murphy, the committee chairman who had called the hearing, picked up an empty can of Chicken of the Sea, and waved it in the air. Inside the can, a coin rattled. This was Murphy's way of dramatizing the crisis in the tuna industry. Thousands of laid-off workers, he warned, would soon be seeking alms. In addition to airing all points of view, Congressman Murphy had called the hearing to facilitate passage of H.R. 6970, his own bill amending the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972. The bill set a kill of 78,900 dolphins, including 6,500 eastern spinners, for 1977, and an equal amount for the following year. Paul McCloskey also had an amendment, as did President Carter, who was upset enough by industry tactics that he delivered a 20-minute monologue on the subject to his cabinet.

At the hearing, Franklin Alverson, of Living Marine Resources, addressed the question of dolphin depletion. He used National Marine Fisheries Service statistics. He said that under the Murphy amendment two of the three species affected would not only remain stable but would, in fact, grow. If the U.S. kills 50,400 offshore spotted this year, their population will increase by 70,383; if 6,500 eastern spinners are taken, that species will grow by 35,907. The population of the white-bellied spinner would decrease by about 9,000, but this is not considered by anyone as a threat to their survival. Alverson called Murphy's amendment a "sensible, short-term solution." Industry spokesmen were also for H.R. 6970. Environmentalists testifying called it blatantly pro-industry, a "quick-fix," a sham. They said Murphy was trying to railroad his amendment through Congress.

In the corridors of the Longworth Building, the scene of the hearing, I overheard congressmen calling witnesses "clowns," and witnesses calling congressmen "sons-of-bitches." All day, the arguing never stopped. The industry claimed that in 1971, 68.1 percent of encircled dolphins were released, and in 1976, 98.7 percent were released—and that this was progress. William Butler said that over 100,000 dolphins have died in each of the last three years and that this showed no decline in the killing.

"Without Murphy's bill," Butler said, "the laws are adequate to let the fishermen have a full, profitable year. They can kill 59,050 porpoise, with a 'good-faith' policy on eastern spinners. They can fish now."

"Today's tuna boats," said Congressman Bob Wilson of California, "are as big as World War II destroyers. If these boats are under foreign flags, we lose a versatile, back-up military force."

"If Murphy's bill is passed," said Tom Garrett of Friends of the Earth, "the Endangered Species Act could be the next fatality."

"We don't know where our future lies or if we even have one," testified Manuel Silva, owner of two boats and president of the American Tuna Boat Association. "We haven't gone to sea because it hasn't been economical for us to do so. I have bills of $220,000 due in June. In December, I will face the same burden. I don't have the money to pay them. [Earlier, Silva had said he was considering selling his boats to Mexican interests.] Our fleet has not produced because it cannot produce. We must be allowed to fish this year without harassment. We must be allowed to fish on eastern spinner. Our goal is to catch fish, not to kill porpoise. We are more affected by the death of porpoise than anyone. But we have economic realities as well as moral obligations. One dead porpoise feeds 295 Americans for a year. Foreign fish, remember, cost from $200 to $250 more per ton."

The only people at the hearing who seemed uncommitted were the press. Yet, in a way, the nature of the whole conflict was captured by two reporters trading small talk on Friday morning.

"I don't give a damn about this story," one said.

"Really?" said the other. "Two porpoise asked after your health just the other day."

"My health is fine. I eat a lot of high-protein tuna."

The House eventually approved Murphy's bill, with an amendment, sponsored by Paul McCloskey, which imposes a ceiling of 68,910 for 1977 and calls on the Secretary of Commerce to set progressively lower levels in the following years. The bill also requires that observers be aboard all boats to monitor the dolphin kill, and that any captain transferring his vessel to a foreign flag post bond, insuring that he will obey U.S. regulations. Boat owners who drown more than their fair share of the quota will be charged $32 for every extra dead dolphin they kill. If they kill twice the number allotted, they face severe penalties. Captains with low kill records will be given rebates. In addition, the industry is required to pay $2 million a year for a mortality-lowering research vessel. The Carter administration has introduced a similar bill in the Senate, and there is hope that a compromise will be reached and a new bill will be law by the August recess.

No conclusion was in sight when I arrived in San Diego on Tuesday, May 10. The congressional hearing was still three days away, and Joe Codinha Jr. was still an out-of-work fisherman. His seiner, *Sea Quest*, was tied to the G Street Pier. Codinha has worked on the ships that line San Diego Bay for six years. "My after-school hours," he says, "were spent on boats." During the past three years, he has fished all over the eastern tropical Pacific, from the coast of California to the coast of Chile. Codinha is 19. He has longish hair, thick arms and bright, friendly eyes. Most of his contemporary crewmen are third-generation fishermen of Italian, Yugoslavian or Portugese descent. Codinha himself is Portugese. Almost a century ago, his people began fishing off southern California for perch, halibut and sea bass. His grandfather, Manuel Silva, helped found the American tuna fishing industry, and his uncle, Manuel A. Silva—who testified at Murphy's hearing—is president of the American Tuna Boat Association. Codinha and I talked as we sat in the ATA, a small, waterfront, stucco-and-brick building located at One Tuna Lane. I asked him if he liked fishing.

"No," he said. "I hate it. But it's in the family. It's in the blood. I've been doing it since I was 13. It's my livelihood and I don't see an alternative."

We began to discuss the controversy and the fishing strike.

"I have very mixed feelings about going back out," he said. "We've been in long enough. But we've been optimistic in the past and it's fallen through the floor. In this respect, I'd like to see us stay in. I don't have a set yes or no answer. We feel that if we go out, we'll be passing up schools of porpoise and tuna, because there might be eastern spinners in them. You've got to be right on top of the school to notice the breed. We never know if there will be a plane or a Coast Guard ship watching us, waiting for us to take a spinner. Besides, nobody really wants to break the law. The penalty is too heavy. That's the main reason for not going out."

We left the ATA and took a walk down the Embarcadero, the sidewalk along the piers holding tuna boats tied three deep. The ships, *Evelyn DaRosa*, *Cabrillo*, *Pacific Queen*, were blue or white beauties, proud, commanding, with bows that sweep up to a point—something like the rostrum of a dolphin. The ships are about 250 feet long and many cost over $5 million. They carry a crew of around 15 and stay out for up to 14 weeks.

On board, winches, cables and booms were everywhere. Seines, piled high on the stern, resemble ten-ton bales of seaweed. Skiffs sat on the seines, while speedboats lay midship. These boats are used to race out ahead of the dolphins and corral them back toward the ship. Fully loaded, a ship can hold 2,000 tons of tuna, worth nearly a million dollars dockside. On every ship, a tattered American flag still hung at half-mast. To many ships, hand-drawn signs were affixed. Some read:

"We are more affected by the death of porpoise than anyone," said one fisherman. "But the economic reality is that one dead porpoise feeds 295 Americans for a year"

"Carter for Human Rights? What about Us?"

"Let Us Be Used Not Abused!"

"Foreign Fishermen Love U.S. Environmentalists"

"Beware of Dog/Absolutely No Trespassing"

As we walked, Codinha outlined all the technical advances fishermen have come up with to save dolphins. He mentioned the backdown procedure, the Medina Panel, the fine-mesh net. "In addition," he said, "fishermen, myself included, jump into the net and throw the porpoise out. I've done this many times. Too many. You know you have porpoise in there and you know you have tuna, but you're not sure what else you've got. It kind of gets to you when you think about what could be in the net. Sharks sometimes travel with porpoise. I've heard stories of guys being attacked. I've seen people injured, but never killed. The porpoise knows what's going on as soon as you jump in the water. He's a very intelligent mammal and he knows you're there to help him, not to mess him up. They come right up to you and help you help them over the net. Anybody with a brain realizes that the fisherman depends on the porpoise. Anybody that dependent on something isn't going to exterminate it."

We passed a group of older fishermen repairing holes in their seines with knives and thread. I asked Codinha what he thought of the environmentalists and their charges against the fishermen.

"We're in all this trouble because we live in a democracy, right?" he said. "Because people can have different opinions. I'm not trying to cut down environmentalists. Our environment needs protection. But I don't believe that we can ever achieve a zero mortality rate with the porpoise. When you're out on the ocean, you're dealing with the environment: the weather, the swells, the water. You don't know what's going to happen. And we always have problems with gear. Things go faulty. Disasters come up. A net can collapse or a purse seine cable can break. Under ideal conditions, we could achieve zero mortality, but this won't happen.

"The environmentalists might stop the killing by U.S. boats, but they can't stop it elsewhere. And to stop it here completely will cost us our fleet. The owners of those boats will get their money one way or another, either by selling or working with foreign nations. But the crew members will be out of jobs. Look, last year seven or eight boats accounted for almost the total mortality. I'm talking about older vessels and gear, outdated boats and practices that must be updated. But let us do this *within* the industry."

While the owners had voted, on May 9, to return to sea, the masters and mates and the crew still had to cast their ballots. Wednesday was scheduled as the day of their vote. That morning, the masters and mates gathered at Portugese Hall, a mustard, stucco building with a painting of an American and a Portugese flag crossed above its front door. Before voting, the men—many had either a cigar, a mustache or both—stood in groups in the parking lot and denounced. They denounced the owners, Congress, environmentalists, the press, and their unions. A few of the fishermen's wives—"tuna wives" as they are called—assembled on a nearby sidewalk and began denouncing the masters and mates and crew. The wives felt that the owners had sold out the others by voting to sail, and they were certain the masters and mates would follow the owners.

The women were uniformly good-

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON

Net profit: Seines allow fishermen to catch huge numbers of tuna; the Medina Panel helps trapped dolphins to escape

looking, loud and fiery. One redhead said, "These men have to have their wives come over here and tell them what to do. They're a bunch of asses."

"How many times do these guys have to have dirt kicked in their faces?" said a dark-haired woman. Then she spit out bitterly, "I'm going to join the environmentalists!"

"We've been squeezed out by the owners," said the redhead. "They've made their money and they want to sell, and the U.S. could care less. Money talks—in any language."

The women wanted the men to hold out until they were guaranteed that they could fish without restrictions. In the parking lot, the masters and mates generally tried to ignore the women.

The men went inside the hall, where Congressman Murphy, talking by telephone from Washington, urged them to vote to sail. He said this would make them look good and help his amendment pass. (On Monday, the owners had voted 10 to 1 for the amendment.) The masters and mates then voted 89 to 30 to go fishing. While the ballots were being counted, 100 crew members stormed the Embarcadero, jumping aboard ships, declaring that they would not sail, and challenging anyone who would to fight. Some owners were on board but there was more noise than battle. The crew members, union men, then drove en masse to Portugese Hall to confront the masters and mates. They had already left, ready to sail. No one could go anywhere until the crew cast their ballots. They were supposed to vote that morning, and didn't, that afternoon, and didn't, that evening, and didn't. They argued instead. Owners, sitting on boats along the Embarcadero, and officials at the American Tuna Boat Association were as confused as everyone else. All day the waterfront had the tension of pending violence and some of the ambience of farce. Standing near a pier, I saw a young, blond woman walking toward me with a bottle of wine in each hand. She looked as if she wanted to party.

"Where's the *Sea Treasure*?" she said.

I told her it was in the direction she was walking.

"Shit, man," she said, "what's the scam? I thought they were going to go. If they do, I'm going to drink these and if they don't I'll drown them."

On Thursday, the crew finally voted and the ships began sailing late in the day. Government observers, hired to oversee dolphin rescue procedures, were on board some of the boats. By 4 a.m. the following morning, the entire fleet was at sea. That was Friday the 13th, the day of Congressman Murphy's hearing on H.R. 6970.

As of now, it looks as if the mortality quota will be 68,910 for 1977. But in the end, fishermen, not congressmen, not environmentalists, will be making the life-and-death decisions and maneuvers in the water. They are the only ones who can ultimately stop the unnecessary killing. There is some evidence that they will—that the tuna-dolphin dispute has genuinely shaken owners, captains and crews.

Thursday afternoon, I sat on the Embarcadero, while the ship *Bold Contender* prepared to sail. The crew was hauling in the dock lines and a German shepherd was barking goodbye from the deck. The captain was standing on the bow when a man sunning beside me yelled up to him, "Going fishing?"

"Damn right!" said the captain.

"Better be careful," the man called.

The captain looked as if he would make some retort, but he said nothing. He glanced around at the crew, who were also silent, and then shrugged his shoulders and walked away. I couldn't help feeling that two years ago, or a year ago, or even six months earlier, he would not have let the warning pass so meekly. I wondered what he was thinking. A minute later, *Bold Contender*'s whistle blew three times, her smoke turned the blue sky pink, and the ship pulled away from the pier and out into the Pacific to fish for yellowfin tuna.●

Read any good clothes lately?

"You'll outgrow it," they said smugly as we poured bleach on our brand new Levis. "Not us!" we snapped back. "We know there's more to life than a fat salary and fancy clothes." Well, the underground is the Rainbow Room now. Alcohol is bigger than grass, Barry Manilow sells more records than the Rolling Stones, and dented VWs with McGovern bumper stickers have been replaced by shiny silver Rabbits that boast of trips to Disney World. We have become the people we warned our parents about.

The legacy of the sixties is skepticism—we don't even trust ourselves anymore. Outré is out, insecurity is in; the only safe thing to do is to go with the winners, and fashion is no exception. Top designers are exploiting this development by plastering their names all over their goods, but we're responsible. We wrap ourselves in Halston and Lapidus armor, hoping to absorb enough of their chic to sustain our new self-image: impenetrable. I wear Yves St. Laurent, therefore I am.

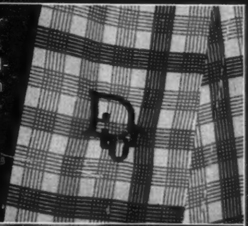
"These only have the initials 'C.K.' on them," complains a Bloomingdale's shopper, wearing a class ring from Berkeley '69. "Don't you have any that say 'Calvin Klein'?" Yes, fashions are the new medium, and their message is status: I paid twice as much for this as it's worth, and I want *everyone* to know it.

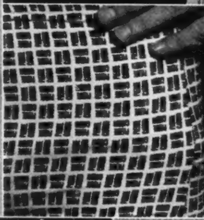
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL FISCHER

TED LAPIDUS
PARIS

All the way from France just in time for Father's Day—this smart little number by Ted Lapidus is the perfect gift for the man who has a neck. $10.

A robe by any other name wouldn't look as neat as this handsome garment from Christian Dior. $40.





Excuse me? No, I most certainly was *not* staring at your crotch! I was just trying to see what those ridiculous swim trunks say. What? Pierre Cardin? Oh. $15.

If you look closely you'll be able to make out the names of Calvin Klein ($18) and Diane von Furstenberg ($25) subtly worked into these designs.

Calvin Klein
diane von furstenberg

What can we say about this cool summer style? It has a collar, a few buttons and sleeves that end above the elbow—a definite hot weather plus. In short, it's a shirt, and it's by Sergio Tacchini. $28.

You'll get a kick out of these knee socks by Geoffrey Beene ($3.75)—check out his signed pillow cases, tres chic!—and sneakers by Calvin (no relation to Anne) Klein ($25). Laces free with each pair.

I should say this—that Pat doesn't have a mink coat. But she does have a respectable Gucci scarf. And I always tell her that she'd look good in anything. $10.

Who *is* that over there under that Bloomie's hat? Jackie Onassis? Bianca Jagger? Blair Sabol? For a mere $8, it could be you.

I dreamed that I walked around my bedroom with the blinds pulled all the way up in my Bloomie's panties ($3). And then the telephone rang. It was an obscene phone call, except it was really *weird*. Instead of heavy breathing I heard . . . laughter.

"We weren't having sex," the kid said.
"He just went down on me, then I went down on him"

THE LAST PORNO SHOW

By Robert Sam Anson

It was, as such films go, a rather tame affair. Merely two lovers in the midst of feigned passion, doing the things that people do in pornographic movies. No production values. No socially redeeming features. Not a dog or chain or bathroom in sight. Just average porn. With one exception. The stars were aged ten and eight. They were brother and sister. And the person who made the movie was their mother.

The lights snap on in one of the screening rooms of the New York City Police Department, revealing half a dozen beefy shapes, who have spent the better part of a sunny afternoon watching this and similar films. Usually, these are humorous occasions for vice cops. Some of the films are unintentionally hilarious, and the cops vie with one another to make smart cracks. But not this afternoon. As they move out of the room, they are quiet still, grim-looking, jaws set, bodies sagging. One of the cops walks to his desk and kicks an open drawer shut with a loud bang.

Something is happening today, and no one is quite sure what it is. Child pornography—"kiddie porn," as it's called—is only part of it, a symptom of something much larger. Something so pervasive and elusive, something so quietly frightening, that people don't like to talk about it, don't like to think about it, don't even like to imagine it exists. It was there, in its grossest form, that afternoon in the police screening room. You hesitate to use the words that truly describe it, because they sound so old-fashioned, so moralistic. All you know is that something is terribly wrong, and that, suddenly, you need some air.

This is a story about children, little kids, eight, nine, ten years old, some as young as three, few over fourteen. It is a story about what is being done to them, and the people who are doing it. I wish I could tell you that it was a story about good and evil, dirty old men and innocent young children. But I can't. Because this is a story about what happens when concepts like good and evil lose their meaning. It is a story about today.

Times Square is as good a place as any to begin, and maybe better, if only because Times Square is the symbolic center of what is happening. On warm summer nights, you literally have to push your way past the battalions of pushers, hookers, hustlers and whores to get where you are going, which, on Times Square, invariably means to a massage parlor, prostitute or one of the live sex acts that have become the current rage.

There used to be a lot of kiddie porn in Times Square, sold right out in the open. Apparently, it had been there for some time, but only came to the attention of the police after the cops opened their own pornographic bookstore, in an attempt to make some contacts in the business. "It was sort of like picking out groceries in the supermarket," one of the cop-proprietors later recalled. "You'd tell the guy what you wanted, I mean, anything, you name it, and they would get it for you, usually within three days." The operation was so efficient that, for a time, some kiddie producers were running a studio on wheels, picking up kids in a van, photographing them on the spot, then putting them out on the street $200 richer. One well-heeled pederast, a prominent lawyer, used to arrive each week at the cop's porno store in his chauffeured limousine, and dispatch his manservant to pick up the goods. His tastes ran to little boys, and he could afford to be quite selective. There were books specializing in boys of virtually any age, race or description: long penises, short penises, circumcised or no, brothers, twins—like the cop said, *anything*. There were items for heterosexuals, too. Films, magazines and paperbacks by the dozens: one instructed fathers on how to insert locks in their daughters' labias "to keep them all for you"; while another provided step-by-step instructions for the would-be child molester, including instructions on ignoring a child's screams (merely a sign of pleasure, the book suggests); another advised on having sex with pre-teenagers who are "too small."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

Most of the kiddie porn is gone now, at least temporarily, since, for the moment, the cops have been cracking down. (It's election year in New York.) But you can still find an occasional peep machine, like the one in the big porno shop on 42nd Street, two blocks down from the police department substation. The film is called "First Communion," and, to see all of it, you have to drop in a total of a dollar in quarters.

The first reel shows five eight-year-old girls receiving their first communion, perfect innocents in the perfect ceremony of innocence. Suddenly, a motorcycle gang breaks into the church. Right then, you know what is going to happen, but you can't stop from dropping in the second quarter. And here there is a surprise. For, instead of immediately commencing to rape the girls, the gang pauses to beat up the priest with chains. Then they crucify him to the cross above the altar. Finally, by reel four, the sex begins. You can actually see the little girls bleeding. All of them are screaming. Except the movie is silent, and you can't hear their cries.

Back on the street, the pimps and prostitutes and hustlers are still there, but something has changed. Some sort of line has been crossed.

The people who know about these sorts of things—cops and shrinks and prosecutors—say it all began to happen a couple of years ago, when the Supreme Court finally decided that it really didn't know what was obscene, and left it up to "community standards" to decide. That, they say, opened the floodgates. Sure, they admit, there had always been some kiddie porn around—Lewis Carroll, the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, was an avid collector—but now it came pouring out, the really hard-core stuff, little boys masturbating and little girls fellating and an occasional priest getting nailed to a cross. A lot of the states, like Illinois and Michigan, didn't have any laws against it, and many that did, like New York, seldom, if ever, prosecuted. Porno and sex were everywhere—15,000 obscenity and prostitution-related arrests in Manhattan alone last year—so why just single out children? A couple of months ago, before kiddie porn became a hot issue, a Manhattan D.A. advised one anti-kiddie-porn group that his office should spend its time "going after really dangerous criminals, like muggers." Besides, the courts would just throw the cases out. Always, it was the courts. They were to blame.

And, to an extent, maybe they were. What, after all, were the cops to do when child molesters routinely got off with probation, and a big operator like Eddie Mishkin, a New York porn dealer busted a few months back, was sentenced to 27 *weekends* in jail? It certainly didn't stop Eddie. The third week into his sentence, he was busted again for the same crime. But there was something more to it. Someone had to be buying the stuff. There had to be a market, a taste, a demand, or there would not have been a supply in the first place. The reasons for that are a lot tougher to get at.

Porn is an industry, a service industry you might call it, and, like any industry, it has to constantly create a demand for new products, or else the market becomes stagnant. And, the fact is, until kiddie porn came along, the porn business was in trouble. Everything had been tried. People were bored. Why, *Deep Throat* was so chic you could take your wife or girlfriend to see it. So the great search commenced. First, explicit ejaculation. Then orgies. Then bisexuality. Then SM. Then urination and defecation. Then bestiality. And still, the senses were sated. What would happen to dear, sweet Hef, we debated. Would *Playboy* have to "go pink" to stay *au courant*? Could *Hustler* outgross *Playboy* and *Penthouse*? We held our breath, signed our *New York Times* ads (poor, persecuted Larry Flynt, it developed, shared the plight of Soviet dissidents), threw our cocktail parties for Harry Reems, and, as we did, the industry found The Answer, "the last frontier," as one "straight" porn producer puts it, the ultimate turn-on: kids.

Some porn producers were running a studio on wheels, picking up kids in a van, photographing them on the spot, then putting them out on the street $200 richer

It was not a barrier that was crossed in a day or a week or even a year. Only looking back, from the perspective of the little girls in their first communion dresses, do you see the signposts: the soft-focus pix that began showing up in *Playboy* a couple of years ago, the "art" photographs of preteenagers getting in and out of their leotards, while looking dreamily at one another; the progression of Jody Foster from spoiled, corrupting brat in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* to 13-year-old whore in *Taxi Driver*; the phenomenal success of *Show Me*, the explicit "sex education" book, showing little kids examining themselves and one another, giggling over an older brother's oral sex. Then, last November, *True*, the "man's magazine" it used to call itself, took the big step: "32 Pages of Beautiful Pussy!" the cover headlined, the vagina in question belonging to a 14-year-old runaway.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

Now kiddie porn is out of the closet altogether, and business, as you might expect, is booming. Yearly profits are in the tens of millions. For one thing, the initial investment is low—often no more than an inexpensive home movie camera and the "cooperation" of some neighborhood children; and even the fact that "professionally shot" kiddie porn features can cost up to $50,000, as compared to a "one-day wonder" professional adult porn film, which comes in at $6,000, doesn't deter producers. They know they can recoup with rental and purchase rates five to six times higher. Nearly the same arithmetic holds for magazines: $7.50 for kids, a dollar and a half for adults. After a while, it begins to dawn on people: there is money to be made here.

And it is being made all over the country. Not just in major cities, but in middle-sized and small towns as well. Quiet, unlikely places like North Bellmore, New York, out on Long Island, in the very bosom of tree-lined, buttoned-down suburban comfort. Gene and Joyce Abrams used to live in North Bellmore, and they were just as quiet and unlikely as the town they lived in. Gene was an aerospace engineer, and a good one: some of his inventions had been included in the first manned mission to the moon. Joyce was just the average suburban housewife, with a taste for the good things in life. Gene was anxious to please, so, to make his salary stretch, he placed an ad in Al Goldstein's *Screw*, offering "$200 fee for girl model, 8–14 (must have parents' consent), one-day photographic session." Before long, people started knocking on the Abrams' door, leading their kids by the hand. Some of the parents appeared in the pictures *with* their children; others merely allowed their children to have sex with Gene. One little girl, age 11, who ran crying from a bedroom after being told to have sex with a man of 40, protested, "Mommy, I can't do it. I won't do it." "You have to do it," her mother an-

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Research assistance for this story provided by Arnon Mishkin.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum.
Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise.
Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.
Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact.
Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:
Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola:
Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

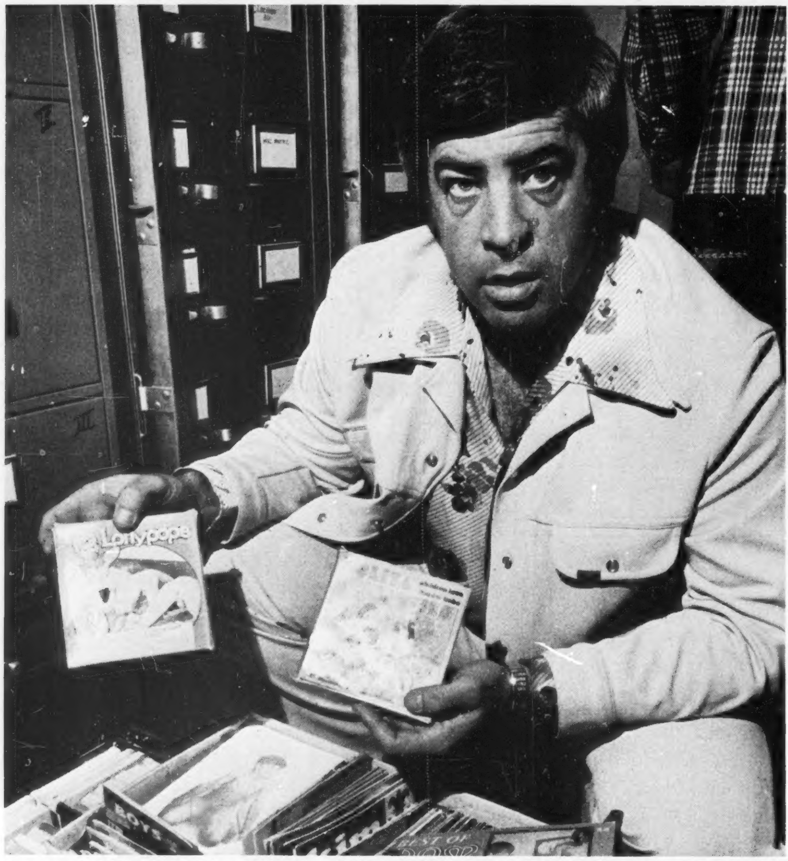
And finally, one last point.
Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

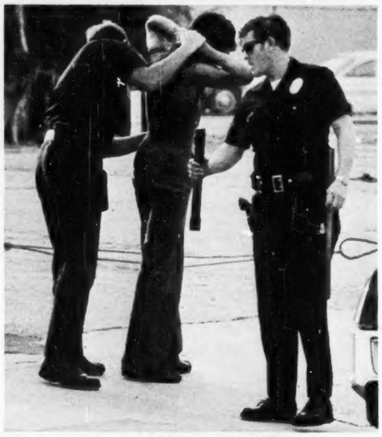
Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.

Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL DOBO



Dragnet, 1977: Sgt. Lloyd Martin of the LAPD formed his kiddie porn squad after finding what was left of 'models' wrapped in plastic bags; busting a hustler on L.A.'s 'meat rack'

swered. "We need the money." And, of course, the little girl did.

By the time the cops arrived, some 18 children had had their pictures taken by or with Gene Abrams. Joyce no longer had to worry about Gene's salary. The porn operation was bringing in $250,000 a year, tax free. The material in the house alone filled an entire van: 4,000 envelopes prepared for mailing, 3,000 negatives of kids having sex and $70,000 worth of photographic equipment, not to mention orders from as far away as Trinidad, England and South Africa. Because Gene, with his precise, methodical, engineer's mind, had gone big-time. He had a deal with a New York photo studio, which processed and duplicated his film, and then passed it on to a mob-controlled company for distribution. From there, it was not long before it was on stands of porno shops across the country.

Quiet North Bellmore is just like quiet Yonkers, where a friendly suburban couple takes in runaways, houses and feeds them, then charges them "rent" in the form of appearing in pornographic films; and quiet San Jose, California, where a mother recently fell afoul of the law for appearing in a porn film with her son, age three; and quiet Winchester, Tennessee, and quiet Port Huron, Michigan, and quiet Security, Colorado, and a lot of other quiet, nice towns that have recently been the sites of porno exposes.

After a while, the stories take on a depressing similarity. There is the Boy Scout master in Santa Monica (not to be confused with the Boy Scout leaders in New Orleans), the boys' camp in Michigan (just like the boys' camp in North Carolina), the father who sells his sons in Illinois, the family who does the same in Colorado.

They are all such average folks, so relentless in the banality of their evil. Not at all what you expect and hope for: some stereotypical dirty old man in a semen-stained raincoat, lusting after a little girl. It would be more comforting, perhaps, to think that most child pornographers are like that. But that is the trouble: they are so normal.

That is what the people in Studio City, California, say about their neighbor, Ed Leja. You come to Los Angeles to meet people like Ed Leja, because, of course, L.A. has got to be the center of kiddie porn. It is only right. This, after all, is the place where the production of fantasies is the major industry, where the whole youth cult began. And you are not disappointed. The cops report that yes, indeed, L.A. is the center, with 3,000 kids and 17,000 adults actively involved in porn and prostitution. Ed Leja is one of those statistics. Four arrests, one conviction. Punishment: a $250 fine.

When, a year ago, Leja was arrested the latest time—for conspiring to endanger the welfare of a child—his neighbors professed shock and indignation. A number of them rallied to his support. Ed was not a pornographer; all you had to do was see his house, as well-kept as any house on the block, or meet his three fine sons, or know of his community activities. Why no, it couldn't be. The cops were merely out to get him.

And, true enough, in the flesh, Ed Leja seems just as nice and friendly and normal as any of his neighbors. To show you the kind of man he is, Ed subscribes to the Reader's Digest Condensed Books, and thinks that "the government is just one giveaway scheme after another. Why don't they make people work for a living?" Leja, burly-chested, bearded and 57, has reason to sound bitter. Although the judge threw out the case against him and his co-defendants—the parents whom Leja had paid for permission to photograph their children—a plague of misfortune has descended on him. First, an earthquake undermined the foundation of his house. Then his wife left him, running off, he says, with the associate editor of one of his magazines. Then there was the arrest and all the bad publicity, and legal bills amounting to more than $40,000. And, on top of all that, his magazines (Leja used to publish several of them) ran into financial trouble—trouble, Leja says, directly attributable to the "kiddie porno witchhunt."

Ed Leja wants you to know that he is not a child pornographer. There is no explicit sex—not so much as an erect miniature penis—in the "Moppets" series he used to publish. He would like to get his hands on some of those pornographers, Leja says; they are ruining his business. What Leja, a former engineer, is, by his own description, is a photographer, publisher and practicing nudist.

"I know for a fact that nudism for children doesn't hurt them," Leja says. "Whether sex activity does or not, well, I don't know." He seems an eminently reasonable man, propounding an eminently reasonable, if somewhat eccentric, philosophy. *Moppets* itself seems reasonable—well, some of it, the part that shows the kids cooking hotdogs or frolicking down at the beach. It is when you reach the other part—the *Penthouse*-style spreads of open-crotched little girls looking longingly at the camera—that the uneasiness sets in. But Ed is constantly reassuring. "See," he says, pointing to an older woman cuddling her child. "That's her mother. A practicing nudist. All my subjects are practicing nudists."

Only later do you learn that two of the parents arrested with Leja are professional hard-core porn actresses, one of them a junkie and prostitute as well, and that the "nudist camp" turns out to have been Ed Leja's backyard.

It is about then that you begin to wonder about Ed Leja, whether he is so nice and warm and friendly after all. Because he never mentioned those things, never mentioned the testimony at his trial—like the part about the two-and-a-half-year-old girl being molested during one of his shootings—never mentioned where *Moppets* winds up after it leaves the racks of the adult bookstores. The police found a copy not long ago in the briefcase of a child molester, arrested outside a playground. Also included in the case were several other kiddie porn books, a few rubber dolls and one item essential to his line of work: a jar of vaseline.

Sergeant Lloyd Martin knows the child molester with the jar of vaseline, and he knows the work of Ed Leja; he knows, too, how one leads inexorably to another. There are a lot of people in Los Angeles, including some within his own department, who think that Martin has become obsessed. For the last six months, he and his squad of five detectives have been working 16-hour days, almost seven days a week. It is backbreaking, frustrating work, filled with round-the-clock surveillances and leads that never pan out.

But Martin asked for it. There was no kiddie-porn squad in Los Angeles, or anywhere else in the country, until Martin thought it up. It was about 3 years ago, and Martin, then working Administrative Vice, helped bust a notorious pornographer named Guy Strait. Strait jumped bail, but the material he left in the hands of the LAPD sickened Martin.

Martin thought he had enough to keep investigating indefinitely. But there was resistance from within the department. Other crimes had higher priority. Martin was told to get back to work on his other cases.

But, in his spare time, Martin kept probing, kept pulling together material, until he had finally compiled a thick black looseleaf notebook, filled with kiddie porn, m.o.'s of the major purveyors and a detailed proposal for going after them. In September, the department gave Martin the green light.

Today, Martin and his unit operate out of a crowded warren of borrowed offices in the Juvenile Division. The phones ring constantly. The FBI wants to know about an upcoming raid. A police department in Michigan is looking for information. The D.A.'s office has a question about a search warrant. A plaque on Martin's desk reads: "Expect a Miracle." With the way things have been going, Lloyd Martin needs one.

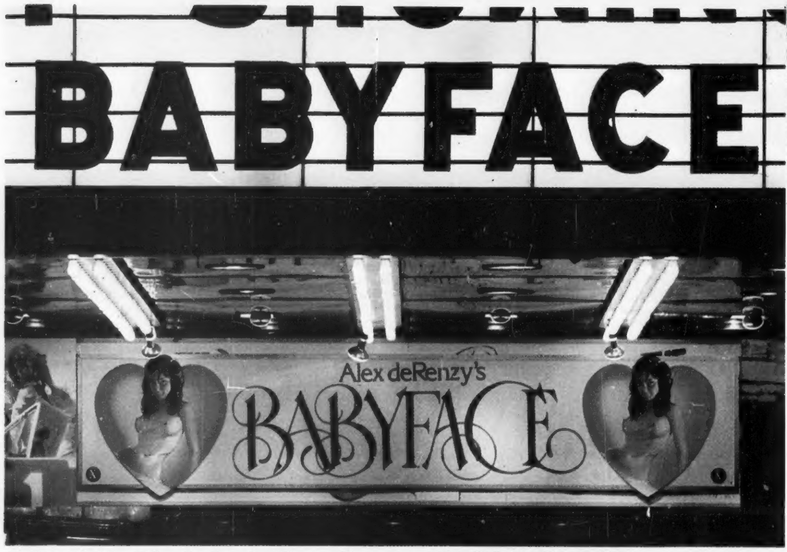
"Mom's okay," 14-year-old Ginny said. "I told her about turning tricks and all and she just kinda laughed. She's cool"

There is a threat to cut off funds and shut the whole operation down. Not enough arrests, too few convictions, the homosexual community screaming about police harassment. But it goes deeper than that. Even now, people have a difficult time believing that Martin isn't making the whole thing up. "The only way to get to people is to really horrify them," he said to a friend not long ago. "But how do you horrify them if you can't show them the stuff that is supposed to do it?"

This morning, Martin makes an exception. He pulls out a portable file drawer, and begins talking. He is still talking, still showing pictures, two hours later. The briefing starts out slowly, with innocent-looking nude studies of young girls. Then boys. Then girls with boys. Then girls and boys awkwardly making love. Then children being sodomized by adults. Then bondage. And then finally, and most grotesquely, a series of pictures taken not by a professional pornographer, but by the children he had enticed, showing him smeared head to foot in his own blood, various torture devices sticking out of his body, nearly all of which require children to operate. The pictures lie on Martin's desk without comment, until, after several moments, he clears his throat: "Now this individual," he explains, in the most dispassionate police argot, "is a masochist. That is to say, he receives his sexual satisfaction from others hurting him, in this case, children. Now what do you suppose would have happened . . ." He pauses ". . . if he were a sadist?"

You don't have to suppose very long in Martin's business. Once you imagine the worst, it invariably happens, and, sure enough, it has already happened. Green plastic garbage bags keep turning up in and around Los Angeles, 18 of them so far in the last 18 months. Inside the bags are the dismembered, mutilated bodies of young boys, Mexicans mostly, some of the kids who Martin says are being smuggled across the border, sometimes in specially constructed compartments concealed in the floorboards and fenders of cars, to infuse fresh, exotic blood in the kiddie porn industry. Kiddie porn, though, has a constant appetite for young faces, the newer, younger and smoother-skinned the better. Disposal, then, becomes the chief problem.

As Martin talks, the image of a young New York hustler comes to mind. His name, he said, was "Jersey," and his occupation of the moment was servicing chickenhawks on East 53rd Street. He had been at it now for 12 years, ever since he was eleven. But he had been a kiddie porn star once, he claimed—before he got too old, maybe 15. Between tricks, he had talked matter-of-factly about the experience. "This guy Eddie took pictures," he had said. "At first, he was just going to go down on my Johnson for $55. But he came out with this pad, asking me all sorts of questions. Did I have any hair—you know, *that* kind of hair. Well, I really didn't have much, and they seemed to like that. They also wanted to know whether I had any scars. I made $80 that night. Put on white stockings, took them half-way down, scratched myself, played with myself. They wanted me because I have baby skin." But Jersey was luckier than the kids Lloyd Martin was talking about: he had gotten out. "They was getting



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

Telling it like it is: A sign in Times Square gets right to the point

into bizarre things, into freaky things," he had explained, "like whips and dildos and 18-year-olds with Teddy bears. I was leery at the time."

Now, Lloyd Martin was talking about the kids who didn't get out, the children in the plastic bags. There was one film reportedly making the circuit—supposedly it had been a big hit at an L.A. party a few weeks before—showing a boy actually being murdered. He had been one of Dean Corll's kids down in Texas, the story went. That had happened to a lot of Dean Corll's kids. By the time they finished digging them up, the Houston police had come up with 27 of them. Police strongly suspected that a number of young porn stars were among Corll's victims.

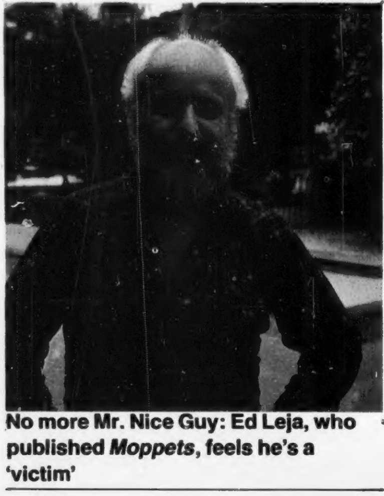
You could begin to see why Lloyd Martin was obsessed, and when he talked about the chickenhawk rings that shuttled kids from one city to another, the kiddie porn key clubs where a member had to produce a photograph of himself having sex with a young boy to gain admittance, the mutilations and murders, it seemed not only eminently probable, but inevitable, even logical, given the business.

Where were they coming from, these kids? How was it happening? Who was doing it to them? "Go to the Cup," someone said. "Stay there for a night. Check it out. You'll know."

The Cup and the Rack

In Los Angeles, when people say "the Cup" they mean the Gold Cup Cafe, at Hollywood Boulevard and Las Palmas, first stop on what is called "the meat rack." The meat rack begins at the Cup, runs down Las Palmas, then turns right on Selma, goes on for a couple of blocks, then left on Highland to Santa Monica. It is not hard to find it. Simply follow the slowly cruising cars and look for kids lounging on the street. When the cars stop and the kids walk over, you're there.

On any night of the week, the Gold Cup is jammed: with kids, both boys and girls, menacing-looking black pimps, a few assorted lesbians and a sizable contingent of middle-aged chickenhawks. The atmosphere is a cross between a YMCA club and Dante's ninth circle. In the back of the Cup half a dozen teenage boys are playing pinball. A scantily dressed prostitute wanders in to watch the action. When she leans over one of the machines to see the score, one of her breasts flops out. No one looks twice. In the front of the cafe, three beefy chickenhawks sit in a booth, chatting, sipping coffee, and commenting on the passing merchandise. "Who's that sweet little blond?" one of them calls out, and blows a kiss to a boy sitting at the counter. The youth turns, smiles knowingly, and walks to the table. One of the chickenhawks reaches out and fondles his crotch.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN WHITAKER

No more Mr. Nice Guy: Ed Leja, who published *Moppets*, feels he's a 'victim'

At 9:30, when the cafe closes for the night, the kids straggle out the door, some heading off for other well-known "chicken coops" in the neighborhood, others around the corner to the bookstall on Las Palmas (where one of the gay magazine features pictures of one of the boys who'd been playing pinball that night), and still others down the block to Selma Avenue. There they queue up for the cruising chickenhawks.

The girls are not being left out. One 14-year-old—call her "Ginny"—is nursing a badly split lip, received in an altercation outside the Cup two nights ago. She is originally from New York, she says, but the family moved to Hollywood when she was eight. She and her mother—the father left years ago—still live in the neighborhood. Going to the Cup for her is a nightly ritual. She first had sex at 11, and turned her first trick at 12—"But I ain't no pro," she insists. "I only do it when I need money, like for pinball or drugs." Twice she had been asked by passing motorists—"They were driving expensive-type cars"—if she wanted to appear in films, but both times she turned them down. Some of her friends had not, however. "It's easy work," she shrugs. "You just fuck and suck a little and they give you fifty bucks."

Ginny more or less dropped out of school a little more than a year ago. She spends most of her days at home, sleeping, "or doing Quaaludes when I can get them," waiting for night to fall, and the chance to come to the Cup. The stupid question more or less pops out on its own: "Do you think your childhood is, well, kinda different from other kids'?" "Like how?" she answers, genuinely perplexed. If there were ever a truly vacant face, it belongs to Ginny: "Well, yeah, I guess you could say I'm a little different," she says at last. "You see, most of my friends don't live at home. But I got a good relationship with my mom. She's real cool. I can talk to her. My mom's okay. What I want to do, that's all right with her. I told her about turning tricks and all, and she just kinda laughed. I don't think she likes it. I don't think she dislikes it. She's cool. And she's got her own boyfriend too, you know."

Ginny is about to say more, when a white Buick glides to the curb. The man inside gestures Ginny over. They

More what?

More of a cigarette. That's what.

With more of the good things that so many cigarette smokers are going for:

The long lean burnished brown look.

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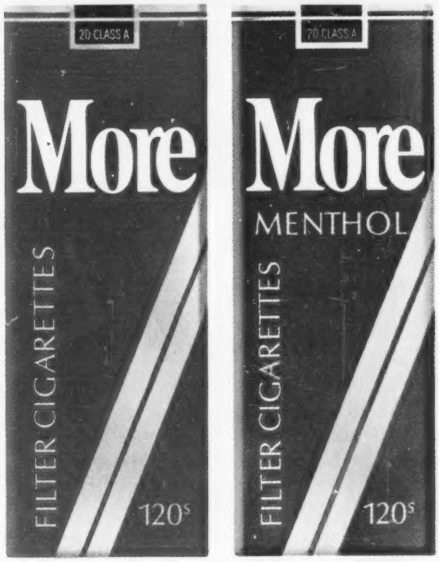
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talk briefly, and Ginny gets in. As the car pulls off, she waves goodbye.

She's cool. Everyone is so cool. On the Strip, they are still talking about Roman Polanski and the alleged rape of a 13-year-old. Polanski will get off, the betting goes. The chick was a pro. Part of a mother-daughter act. No big deal.

They come to Los Angeles by the tens of thousands, these kids. Runaways, some of them; others simply "throwaways," a million of them in the country, according to the best estimates. With no skills, no job prospects, there is only one way they can survive, Martin says: "Drop their pants or pull up their dress." First porn, then pros, then, well, no one knows. Somehow, though, they must grow up, get old, have their own kids. They must.

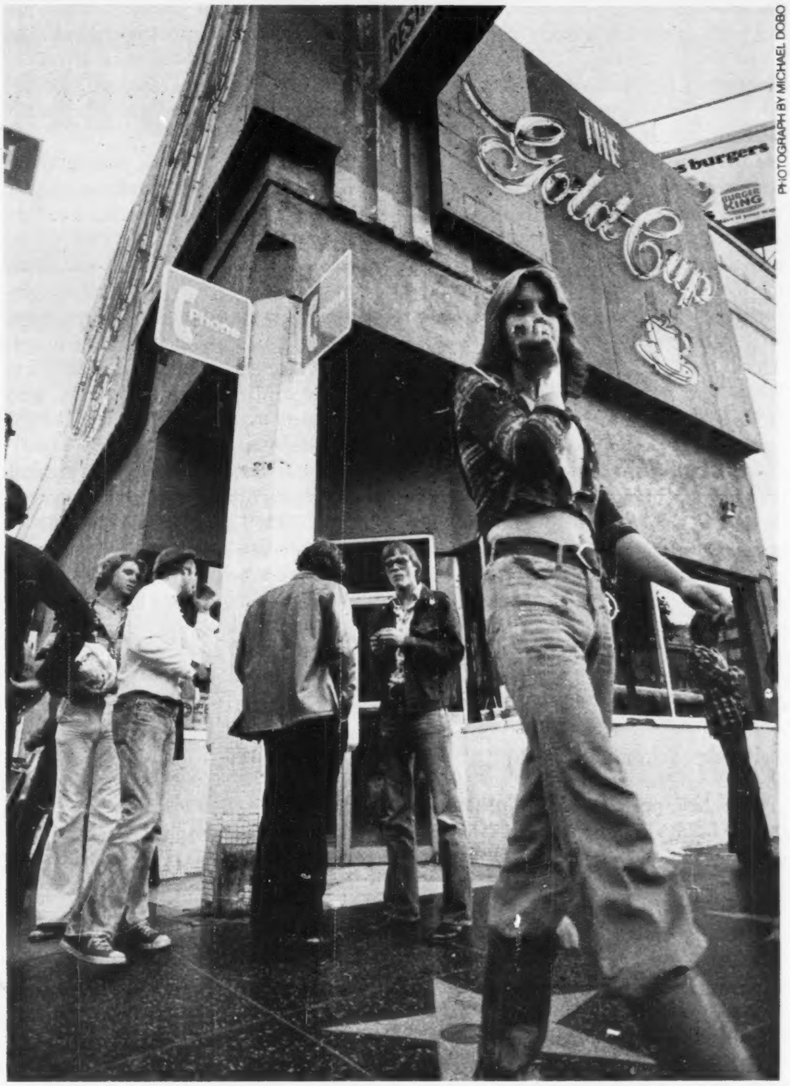
Like Serena. Serena has been in the biz a long time, a very long time. She's 20 now, a veteran. She ran away from home the first time at 12, was caught, spent some time in "juvie," as she calls it, then came home, just long enough to plan how to run away for good. It was her parents, you see; "working-class heroes," she calls them, her mother a waitress and semi-invalid, her father a bartender. She hasn't seen them in more than five years. The last time she did, her father yelled at her mother not to talk to "that whore." When she split the second time, she was, as she puts it, "kinda back and forth, bus rides, hitching. I just kinda floated out on that one." There was some more time in juvie, then picking pears in Oregon, bumming around Berkeley, and, finally, a steady fella. Money, though, was always a problem, so, at 14, she turned her first trick—"I needed money for cigarettes." By 16, two years under the legal limit, she was doing nude modeling. A career in hard-core films followed. She has remained in hard-core ever since, between occasional gigs as a stripper, such as her current engagement at the Cave in Hollywood, and as a performer in one of the Mitchell brothers' lesbian sex acts in San Francisco, where, as she describes it, "I make love to three ladies six times a day."

Serena, in short, has seen and done it all, and to hear her tell it (which, she politely informs you, will cost $30), there are no regrets, save an occasional wondering "what it would have been like to have been a real kid, you know, with proms and bubble baths and all that."

There is a break between her shows, and we are sitting in a Howard Johnson's, talking. Serena is drinking milk. She is blond, smooth-faced, strikingly attractive, and far younger-looking than her age. "That's some of my appeal, you know," she explains. She is reminiscing about growing up in Glendale, California, what it was like to discover she had a body that attracted older men, dropping out of school after the eighth grade, and being the best dancer in her modern ballet class. "I was really a precocious kid in dance," she says. "My teacher said I was the best she had seen, the way I moved so naturally. Not like a kid at all, but like a grown-up."

It is tough these days looking so young in Los Angeles, when you happen to work in Serena's profession. The heat is really on. Modeling agencies, which seldom looked at IDs, are now demanding three proofs of age. Everyone is worried about Lloyd Martin and his cops. The other day they were hassling one of Serena's friends, a prominent porn photographer accused of taking hard-core shots of a 14-year-old. The police couldn't make the beef stick, but Serena knew it was true. "He was asking if I knew of any really young stuff. You know, *really* young. But he's okay. He only shoots kids getting it on with other kids. And what an artist he is. He is totally into his art. He really demands a lot from you."

What he demands doesn't bother Serena, "so long," she says, "as the kids can handle it." She has her own daughter now, just a year old, and already she can sense that "she is going to be a far-out, free little kid." Let her do porn, say at 10? "Well, it's possible," Serena says. "Kids are growing up so fast now, even faster than I was. I mean, I was fucking at 12, so she'll probably be fucking at 10. You know, that's how



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL DOBO

Cupcakes: Kids who hang out at the Golden Cup on Hollywood and Las Palmas know the score. The Cup is L.A.'s top 'chickencoop'

these things work." The child of one of Serena's friends is already doing porn, "and she is only five." So, it's possible. Everything is possible.

"You oughta catch my act," Serena says. It is an invitation impossible to resist. We go next door, and, in a few moments, Serena is there on stage, bathed in a red light, nude but for childish knee socks. The music scratches on, and Serena begins to dance, languidly, invitingly, an erotic ballet, tracing again the steps learned as a girl.

After an evening at the Gold Cup, a talk with Serena and Ginny, you no longer wonder where the kids are coming from. The talent pool is bottomless: the million runaways, the 2.4 million children of drug addicts, the 2.8 million children of prostitutes, the unnumbered children who can't be lumped under any group, but simply belong to parents who don't give a damn. Now the stories take on some meaning. Like the porn producer who operated, undetected, in Houston for more than 18 years, employing dozens of kids in the neighborhood, including one set of 12-year-old twin boys, who in turn recruited their younger sister, who in turn recruited a still younger brother. . .

"Let me tell you about kids involved in child pornography," a notorious porn producer said in a recent interview. "They are children of lawyers, doctors, policemen, preachers—who are attracted to older men because their fathers have no time for them. They are searching for a father. And no one jumps in front of a camera for money. These kids do it for ego. Take a youngster who has never been appreciated. You tell him he's good-looking enough to be in front of a camera and that people will want to see him and be interested. It's a great boost to his ego."

"I've helped a lot of kids," he added, "raised about 40 of them, although I didn't have sex with all of them. Some are 40 years old now. I put those in college who wanted it. I've given away bikes. I love to give gifts to children. I've spent a fortune on them."

It is a theme you hear over and over again about child pornographers: how much they love children, how they are giving them, as Martin says, "what they aren't getting at home, attention and affection, even a perverse kind of love." And there is love of a sort. One child pornographer operated in Santa Monica for a long time without detection, precisely because he was so loving, so caring about the children. He was their scoutmaster. There seemed to be nothing he wouldn't do for them. Take them on overnight camping trips, go-carting, expeditions to Disneyland. The parents, many of whom were divorced, didn't give his motives a second thought; they were glad to have the children off their hands.

The Santa Monica pornographer never threatened his children, never used force at all. He didn't have to. He was doing something for them, something no one else was doing. Such friends seldom testify against one another. In one recent case, an Illinois boy, 12, did; afterward, he committed suicide. More common, though, is the experience of Tennessee authorities, who have been having a tough time making a case against Reverend Claudius "Bud" Vermilye, the 47-year-old Episcopal priest who was arrested for turning his "Boy's Farm" into a kiddie porno production studio. "These kids," says one cop, "have a strange sense of loyalty to him." Well, why not? As his lawyer, Joe Bean, puts it indignantly: "These boys had been kicked out of their homes and mental and penal institutions. They were what they were before they got there. They expect the defendant to have done what their parents couldn't do—reform the boys. Vermilye has done much good for humanity. He's a nice humanitarian, dedicated to doing good for the helpless and the wayward."

The child of one of Serena's friends is already doing porno, and she's only five. Anything's possible these days

They are all such nice humanitarians, so interested in young people, so appreciative of their beauty. The mail-order ads for kiddie porno fairly gush in their enthusiasm. One 13-year-old is "a blonde beauty," an 11-year-old "a cute little fellow with curly black hair." Their sexual prowess is only secondary. The ads exult when a child is not well-developed, when he performs clumsily and innocently. Forever young, the kiddie porno industry wants them. Let us all stay forever young. There is even an organized lobby in California—it calls itself the "Renee Guyon Society"—that wants to drop the age of sexual consent down to five. "Sex before eight," goes their motto, "or else it's too late." "In the springtime of childhood, sex doesn't seem very important—to an adult, but, to a child, it is the very mystery of life," one of Ed Leja's magazines rhapsodizes. "There is a faint stirring of the libido heard in the deep uncomplicated recesses of a child's mind. There is the tingling of flesh, the sensuous thrill of touch, when all the senses seem to be electrified by nature."

A Helena Rubenstein ad could not have put it better, or a plastic surgeon, or the director of a fat farm, or any other aspect of the culture that hates age and worships youth. Kiddie porno is only part of it, the nastier, less genteel part, but part of it nonetheless: the logical, ultimate fulfillment of the youth cult.

You wonder, after a while, what is going to happen. For the kids, it is easy to predict. The lucky ones end up talking to Lloyd Martin, "breaking down and crying," he says, "so relieved that it is finally over." They are the exceptions. Most are like Serena's friends, "dead," as she puts it, "burnt out on prostitution, drugs, or just life." It has happened already to the little girl who appeared in the film the cops watched that afternoon in New York. She is in a Catholic children's home now, where the authorities describe her as "very greatly disturbed." Such children will grow up, according to a Detroit police psychiatrist, "with no sense of modesty or privacy, no sense of the specialness of sex and the human body, basically, no moral sense at all." There was a kid like that whom the L.A. cops picked up recently. They asked him whether he had had sex with a pornographer. "No," he said. "I went down on him, and he went down on me, but we didn't have sex." The shrinks say that as an adult he will be subject to grotesque fears, and have difficulty experiencing normal sexual fulfillment. For others, there can be physical problems, too: among the very youngest, severe damage to the vagina and anus; in girls, an increased incidence of cervical cancer. Many will not be able to bear children. None will ever remember what it was like to be a child.

But what will happen to us, the adults? What has happened? Why does Lloyd Martin have to carry a picture around, a color shot of a very young boy, maybe seven, eyes wide with wonder and fear, having oral sex with a man in his forties? The boy is looking out to the person taking the picture, as if asking what to do. What are we telling him?

"I don't know who that guy is," Martin says of the adult in the picture. "But I am going to find him before I retire. I am going to get him." He pauses for a moment, as if trying to keep control. "Isn't this the pits?" he says finally.

No, Lloyd, this isn't the pits. This is the end of the fucking world. ●

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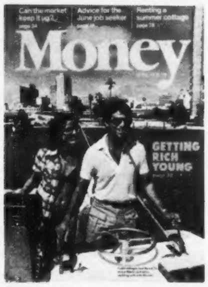

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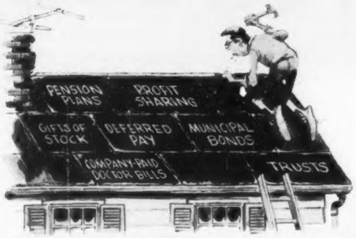

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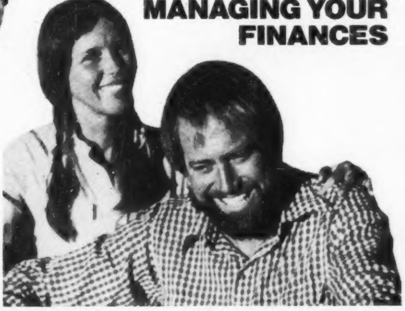

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Movies

Cannes quiz

By Richard Corliss

1. True or false:
   a. The Cannes Film Festival is a summer camp that wants to be a bordello.
   b. All the French women in Cannes are extraordinarily beautiful—until you hear them speaking pure Bronx.
   c. One day during the Festival, the temperature in Cannes was 53 (25 degrees below that of New York, and ominously overcast instead of sunny) and the private beaches were crowded with topless sunbathers.
   d. At most of the restaurants in town, it takes 45 minutes to be seated, 30 minutes to eat your meal and an hour to get the check.
   e. There is a theater in the middle of Cannes, showing a dozen Festival films a day, which no one has ever been able to find.

At Cannes, 1977 was 1901—the year after *1900*, or rather, the year without a great *succès de scandale* like last year's Bertolucci epic, a breathlessly awaited film that crystalized everyone's opinions about the art of the cinema and made good copy for the Festival's 1,500 journalists. It's a mark of Cannes '77's postcoital lethargy that, this year, *1900* was still the most talked-about film: What's missing from Bertolucci's own new four-and-a-half-hour version (45 minutes shorter than the original cut)? And what, if any, version will be released in the U.S. (producer Alberto Grimaldi's three-and-a-quarter-hour cut, or Bertolucci's)? Not only was there no *1900* at Cannes this year, there was no pornography with redeeming artistic or social (or, for that matter, prurient) interest, like last year's Japanese stunner, *In the Realm of the Senses*. There was just the usual circus of parties and deals, camaraderie and chicanery—oh yes, and movies. But because there was no single film worth sparking ideological or box-office flash fires, journalists became more and more desperate for a "hook." For some reporters, the lack of an angle itself suggested a "crisis in the cinema." For others, it provided an opportunity to look harder for interesting movies in unlikely places. Who, for example, would have thought an Algerian film, Merzak Allouache's *Omar Gatlato (Omar the Horny)*, could provide delightful insights into comradeship and courtship reminiscent of the early Truffaut? Or that Agnès Varda, who hadn't made a fiction feature film in France in over a decade, could have reconciled so lucidly the triumphs and ironies of militant feminism in *One Girl Sings, the Other Doesn't*? Such are the joys of movie-mongering in Cannes.

Trancelike: Director Herzog hypnotizes an actor for *Heart of Glass*

2. Which of the following promotions did *not* take place during the Festival?
   a. Arnold Schwarzenegger, the seventies' definitive answer to the Cannes starlet syndrome, flexed his pects (for *Pumping Iron*).
   b. Pelé kicked a soccer ball on the beach (for *Pelé*).
   c. A man dressed in ballet tights, Snoopy goggles, chicken feathers and plane-wing arms flapped around the rue d'Antibes during rush hour (for *Gizmo*).
   d. Marlon Brando muttered a Comanche curse and turned Mario Puzo into kryptonite (for *Superman*).

But of course Cannes is one long promotion, for movies and the people who make them. There are movie ads on every available surface, from restrooms to the facades of the plushest hotels. Some film campaigns become cottage industries: for *Bilitis*, a "class" piece of *September Morn* porn by British nymphotographer David Hamilton, you can buy a tie-in book, an LP of music from the film and even a series of French postcards of the movie's decorous nudes. Others become jokes: for the third year in a row, a helicopter flew over the beach streaming announcements for *Superman*, the $25 million movie that has finally begun shooting. A 12-foot-high cutout of Roger Moore pointing a gun at your forehead greets visitors to the $100-a-room Carlton Hotel. On the walls around another four-star hotel, now under construction, are posters advertising a new milestone in Australian cinema. Title: *Pure Shit*.

Yes, "everyone" is here, and as you pass one of a hundred half-familiar faces on the main promenade, you wonder if it belongs to a star who's in town to close a deal, or a director whose film you're about to see, or the person you sat across from at that big luncheon yesterday, or the person you slept with last night. With so many hustlers crowded into less than a mile of Riviera beachfront, you develop the simultaneous needs to be a part of the action and apart from it. Going to one of the 50 movies a day becomes a social strategy. "What have you seen?" is an innocent question. "What are you going to see now?" is a loaded one. And "What movies have you liked?" can provoke answers that solder or strain a friendship. Everyone knows this, so the most frequent answer is a cautious "Mmmm, interesting. . . . See you around."

3. The following are the French-release titles of four recent American films. What are the original American titles?
   a. *Le Chat Connait l'Assassin (The*

Cat Knows the Killer).
b. *La Prison du Viol (The Prison of the Rape).*
c. *La Castagne (The Brawl).*
d. *Lache-Moi Les Baskets (Don't Touch My Tennis Shoes).*

American critics have a lot of fun reading aloud the English translations of plot synopses that appear in *Le Film Français*, one of the four daily newspapers devoted solely to the Festival (which, for two weeks, makes Cannes a busier newspaper town than New York). Sample synopsis, for *Fantasm Comes Again*: "Being retired, an old journalist specialized in sexual advices, teached a young woman." I laugh, a little hollowly, because their English is at least as good as my French. But your command of the language could be limited to *oui, non* and *Où sont les toilettes*, and you could still make your way around Cannes: such is the domination of Anglo-American money in the "industry." And the American critics (this one included) reflect that fascination with the wheeler-dealer side of the Festival. Roger Ebert, who writes for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, filed 11 feature stories for his paper, most of them interviews with mini-moguls and other potentates of the kinetic art. The rest of us talked as much about the wine (good) and the weather (bad) as about the movies.

4. Which of the following was it possible to find in Cannes?
a. A French film that does not star Gérard Depardieu.
b. A Swedish film without a traumatic dream sequence.
c. Any entry in the Director's Fortnight (one of the sidebar festivals) that does not describe a proletarian revolt crushed by the government.
d. An Italian movie without a middle-aged protagonist who slurps his *zuppa di pesce*, grabs a woman's breasts, and farts (not necessarily in that order).
e. *Any* Third World film that isn't half an hour too long.

This question may simply reflect the philistine prejudices of an American movie critic. When you come to Cannes you're inundated with names of "important" filmmakers Americans may never have heard of. There's the Greek director Theo Angelopoulos, whose eight-and-a-half-hour trilogy—Greek history from a formalist Marxist perspective—was completed this year with *The Hunters*. There's Hans Syberberg, a German who showed rushes from his new film, *Hitler*, in an attempt to raise funds to film the entire five-hour epic. From Britain come Peter Wollen and Laura Mulvey, two film theorists turned directors whose first feature, *Penthesilea*, was voted as the

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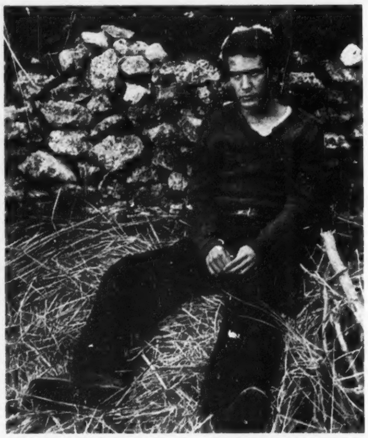
second-best film of all time in a poll of English critics; their second film, *Riddles of the Sphinx*, shown at Cannes, was considered revisionist by some advanced thinkers, since its 360-degree panning shots always moved to the *right*! You needn't *like* these movies (Wollen has defined one of the Seven Cardinal Virtues of the new cinema as "unpleasure"); you need only feel guilty if you walk out of them.

As for Jean-Marie Straub, Marguerite Duras, Jacques Rivette and other filmmakers thought in the States to be boring and irrelevant, in Europe they're almost mainstream, if not downright traditionalists. The cinema these directors represent—slow, cerebral, political, "difficult"—may be a blind spot for Americans who cut their eyeteeth on the Hollywood movies of Howard Hawks and Bugs Bunny, where speed is of the essence, and where an actor is supposed to represent a recognizable human being and not a directorial construct. Or it may be that European critics are seeing sun spots, and are inventing instead of discovering new auteurs. Whatever the reason, you'll find among the French and British journalists an openness and enthusiasm for out-of-the-way, off-the-wall movies, and a preference among many American critics (this one not included) for small, sad, Swiss-movement romances like Claude Goretta's *The Lacemaker*. The excitement for this American critic—especially at Cannes '77, where all the major American films had previously opened in the States—came from searching out foreign films that are more than structuralist manifestoes or five-finger exercises, films with their own peculiar vision, with something unique to say or show.

5. In which Festival films do the following lines of dialogue appear?
   a. "Hey, honey, let's go up to my place tonight—for breakfast."
   b. A teenage vampire: "I want to do the sexy stuff without the blood part."
   c. "Dialogue my ass! Let's wreck something!"
   d. "Melissa's adorable, the champagne's perfect. . . . But, entre nous, what are we doing here?"

We're here—in Cannes—not to ogle the flesh and the flesh peddlers, not to wait forlornly for that one day of sunshine to turn our screening-room pallor into a Riviera trophy, not to get fat on free lunches sponsored by publicists, but to see movies. It's a delicious form of torture, 50 filmic chances a day to get your hopes dashed. But there are special pleasures, too: when your favorite film in the main competition (in my case, *Padre Padrone*) wins the main prize; and when a film you ferret out in the 250-film Market (in my case, *Heart of Glass*) knocks you out with its crazy, surreal beauty.

Padre Padrone was awarded its Palme d'Or by a Festival jury that included directors Roberto Rossellini and Jacques Demy, actress Marthe Keller and *New Yorker* critic Pauline Kael. (Other prizes went to *The Duellists*, a handsome adaptation of a Conrad story, as Best First Film; to Fernando Rey, in Carlos Saura's *Elisa, My Life*, as Best Actor; and to Shelley Duvall, in *3 Women*, and Monique Mercure, in the Canadian *J.A. Martin, Photographer*, as Best Actresses.) *Padre Padrone*, which was certainly the most vital and audacious of the 23 films in the main competition, is based on the autobiography of Gavino Ledda. A Sardinian peasant boy is taken from school to grow up as an illiterate shepherd under the eye, boot and fists of his monstrous father. Gavino develops an interest in languages when he's drafted into the Italian army, and eventually becomes a professor of linguistics—the realization of a dream and the final victory over his father.


Stirring: Marconi in *Padre Padrone*

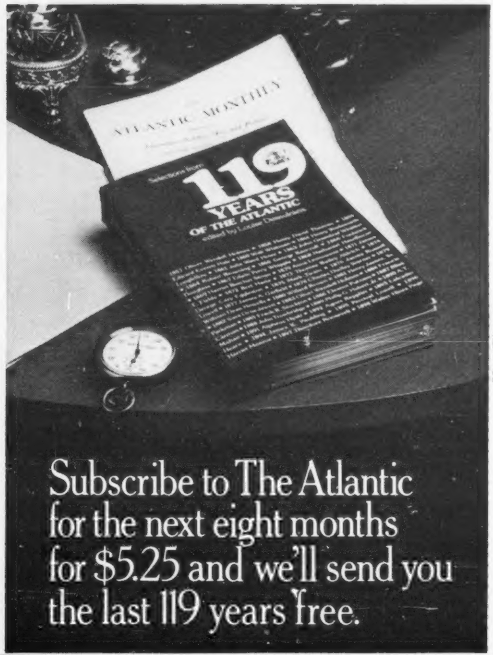
As filmed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, *Padre Padrone* (it means *Father Boss*) juxtaposes crudeness and lyricism, the earthy and the angelic, Boccaccio and Chagall. Goats talk, peasants burst into song, statues come alive—and it all works, partly because the 16mm stock makes the film look as naive and as tough as the Sardinians and their landscapes. The picture doesn't have the feel of so many "folk epics": the sense that a hundred technicians descended upon a "location" to exploit rather than explore. The triumph of *Padre Padrone* is that young Gavino, with that survivor's intelligence, seems to be telling his own stirring story.

The most interesting national cinema today (possibly excepting the American) is in West Germany, where a trio of young filmmakers have virtually defined the boundaries of the narrative film. But the three—Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Wim Wenders and Werner Herzog—have almost nothing in common but their outsized talent. Fassbinder and Wenders take many of their cues from Hollywood classicism: Fassbinder to reflect it in the cool gaze of his own post-camp sensibility, Wenders (notably in his new film, *The American Friend*) to evoke its clean, matter-of-fact visual style and its emphasis on naturalistic acting. Herzog's source of inspiration is the German Expressionist films of the twenties—movies, like F.W. Murnau's *Nosferatu* and Fritz Lang's *Die Nibelungen*, that spin out tales from legend and myth through eccentric, extravagant images. *Heart of Glass*, one of two Herzog features shown in the Film Market, is firmly in this tradition. It's also unlike just about any film you've ever seen.

In a small German town in the early 1800s, the foreman of a glass factory dies, and with him the formula for making a special ruby isinglass on which the town's prosperity is based. The factory's young owner becomes obsessed with rediscovering the formula. He ransacks the foreman's home, opens his grave, draws a virgin's blood (thought to be an essential ingredient) and finally summons a shepherd reputed to be prescient. But the shepherd can only foretell what is in fact taking place: the townspeople, as a single malignant organism, are going mad with hopelessness and anger.

Herzog hypnotized many of the film's actors, to give their characters the sense of a trancelike monomania; and, for me at least, *Heart of Glass* has a mesmerizing beauty. The ruby color so desperately sought dominates the film. You can see it in the burgher's robe, and even in his fiery bloodshot eyes. Only in the spectacular opening and closing sequences, with the shepherd alone with his herd on a mountaintop, and in a story he narrates about an expeditionary force sailing out into the unknown sea, does Herzog propose a tonal and moral option to the town's collective psychosis. With *Heart of Glass* following *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* and *Aguirre, Wrath of God*, Herzog at 37 can justly lay claim to be the most impressive and original filmmaker of his generation. There were other films, and friends and food, that made the Festival worth coming to. But for 95 minutes at least, *Heart of Glass* made Cannes the answer to all your movie questions.

QUIZ ANSWERS: 1a–1e. In Cannes, everything is true *and* false. 2. d. is false; it was an Apache curse. 3. a: *The Late Show*; b: *Jackson County Jail*; c: *Slap Shot*; d: *The Pom Pom Girls*. 4a–4e. All are just barely possible. 5. a: *Black Joy*; b: *Martin*; c: *Stunts*; d: *Bilitis*.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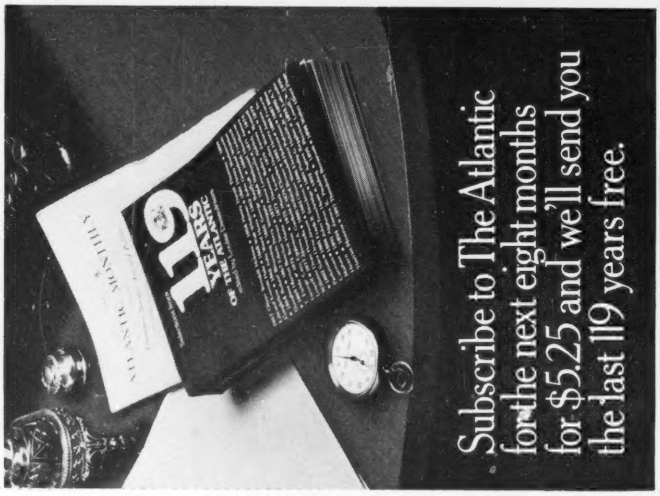
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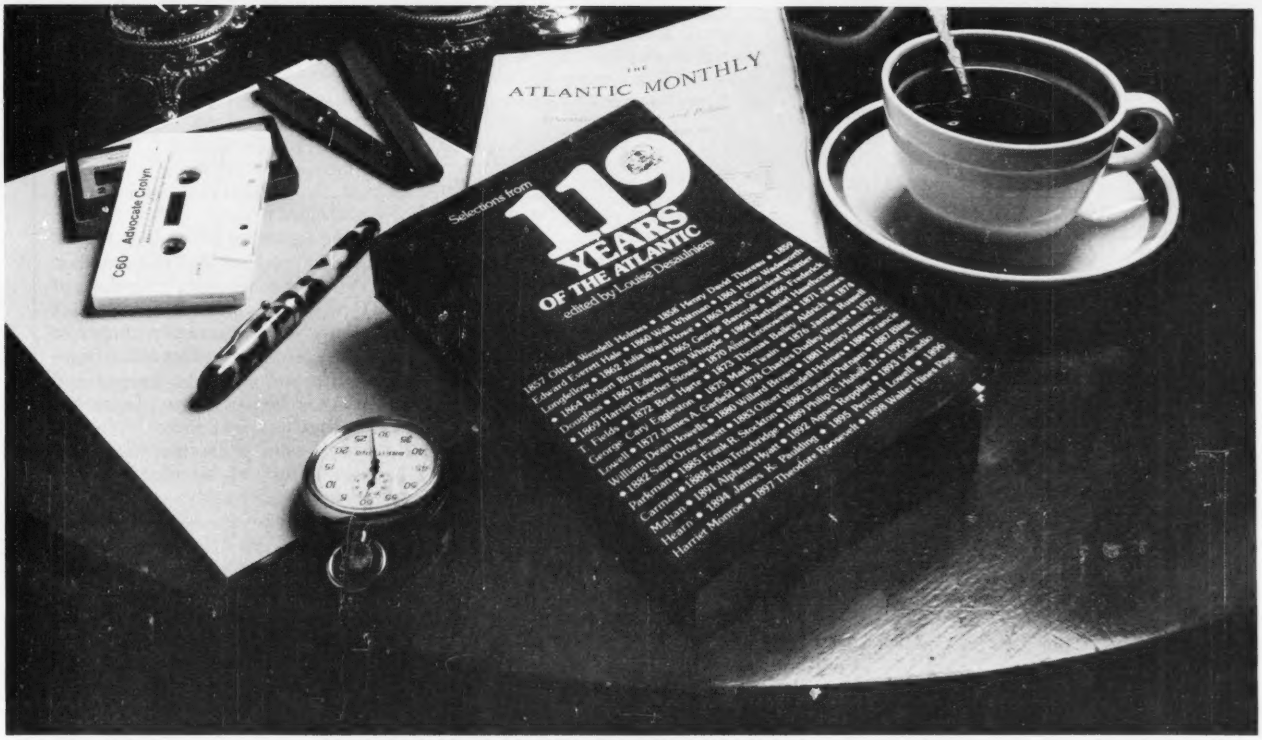

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Books

The battle cry

By Geoffrey Wolff

A Rumor of War *by Philip Caputo.* Holt, Rinehart and Winston (346 pp., $10).

> *For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.*
> (Matthew 8:9)

Philip Caputo was at the middle of our beginning in Vietnam and there at the end of our end. Second lieutenant Caputo, USMC, landed at Da Nang in early 1965, and ten years later, as a foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, he was helicoptered out of Saigon as the North Vietnamese entered the city. *A Rumor of War* is about his time as a marine, and the price that young men pay to satisfy their dreams of honor and their country's dreams of adventure, manhood and credibility.

It is tempting to try to place this extraordinary autoanatomy among other dispatches from the zones of recent war, to compare it with Ward Just's *To What End* or with Gloria Emerson's reports, or Michael Herr's, or David Halberstam's. To a signal degree, all these writers comprise with Caputo a kind of Crispin Day fraternity, a sense of having been deep in the pit, together. "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers": nothing could be further from the spirit of Henry V's jingo mentality than the repulsion for war shared by people who shared the experience of Indochina, but there is a bond, for sure, and all of them mention it sooner or later in their dispatches, a kind of pull from the pit. Caputo writes that after the war he felt "nostalgic" for it, and that going into battle for the first time he felt "happy."

Till this book, he did not answer truthfully when people asked him how it felt, "going into combat for the first time." Now he tells the truth, and more. *A Rumor of War* comes as close as any narrative can come to imitating the reality of combat in Vietnam for someone, like me, who has never experienced combat. Its entire purpose is to tell the truth, no more, no less. Its close focus and single perspective give it intimidating power, and reading it you will know that what it says is so.

Caputo is a decent man. How can a book convey its author's decency? I'm not sure. It is honest, but many honest books are indecent. On the record Caputo was brave, and is, but this is not enough. Principally, I guess, *A Rumor of War* gives evidence of strenuous attention, the sense that its author will die persisting in his attention to history and motive, cause and effect. And finally, he will hold himself accountable for his acts, but will not repudiate himself on behalf of crimes he did not commit.

Shortly before Caputo left Vietnam he was court-martialed. The charge was perjury and premeditated murder, two counts. When the process got underway he faced possible execution by a firing squad, but later the potential sentence was reduced to life imprisonment at Portsmouth. In any event, he was acquitted of everything but the perjury charge, for which he received a letter of reprimand. During his trial Caputo learned about "the wide gulf that divides the facts from the truth." In fact, he gave orders that two young Viet Cong suspects be captured from their village, and brought to him, and killed if they resisted arrest. In fact, they were not Viet Cong. In fact, they were assassinated. In truth, he wanted them dead. In truth, the war had driven him crazy.

ILLUSTRATION BY MANNY HALLER

The extraordinary thing about this book, and Caputo's voice through it, is that by the time he gives an order implying his appetite for blood revenge, the order seems reasonable, proportionate to its provocations. Caputo is innocent of what we call murder when a man shoots another man in cold (or even hot) blood here at home. Not that he pleads for his innocence, or excuses himself, or throws himself on our mercy. He simply tells what it is like to be in such a place as he was, and to have seen what he saw, and to do what he was obliged to do.

He was brought up in a suburb of Chicago, and wanted to escape it. He joined the Marines' version of ROTC while a student at a commuter college because he wanted a chance to live heroically. He endured the exactions of boot camp, and learned and joined in the marine chant: "Gung ho! Gung ho! Gung ho! Pray for war!" Kennedy's calls for sacrifice had raised the temperature of his blood and he was, as he writes, "eager—some would have said overeager—for a chance to prove myself." He developed a fear of criticism as he trained to become an officer, and an appetite for praise.

Once in Vietnam, around Da Nang, he found opportunity aplenty to prove himself. Endurance there was heroic, survival a miracle. With exemplary exactitude Caputo details an infantryman's enemies in that place at that time: persistent diarrhea, jungle rot, a climate almost operatic in its hostility, leeches, mosquitoes, snakes, the jungle. The jungle is perhaps the most palpable of the enemies Caputo names here: it could be seen and felt, but what it hid could not. The jungle walled his men off, one from another, and blinded them. In the jungle "units got mixed up; platoons disintegrated into squads, squads into fire-teams, until the company had no more organization than a crowd at a train station."

Some months back I reviewed in these pages John Keegan's study of men in combat, *The Face of Battle,* in which an attempt is made to re-create the human circumstances of warfare, the effect on a soldier of heat, noise, short rations, confusion, hostile terrain, sleeplessness. Recapitulating the Battle of Waterloo Keegan describes the worst of all moments in combat, when a corps breaks and runs, and is cut down from behind. Why does this happen? "Inside every army," Keegan writes, "is a crowd struggling to get out, and the strongest fear with which every commander lives—stronger than his fear of defeat or even mutiny—is that of his army reverting to a crowd . . . For a crowd is the antithesis of an army, a human assembly animated not by discipline but by mood . . ."

The men under Caputo's command began, given the terrain, as a "crowd at a train station." And then the platoon came to fall apart utterly. Not from fear—these men were marines, after all—but from the consequences of overcoming, too many times, fear. Caputo and his men supped on horrors: they were sniped at by men they could not see, and men and women they could not see detonated mines that blew their friends to vapor. Vietnamese kids offered to sell them Cokes that were salted with poison or ground glass. Caputo watched pigs eat charred corpses, an inversion of the natural order somewhat less comical than seeing a man gored by a water buffalo, which was immediately executed.

As time passed near Da Nang in 1965 and 1966 Caputo felt himself and his men decline into "absolute savagery." Out on patrol it was brutish, like "the dawn of creation." Marines murdered marines. Commanding officers offered an increased beer ration, and time to drink it, to anyone who killed a Viet Cong, and anyone who was male, Vietnamese, and dead, was a Viet Cong. (Till some villagers complained about the assassination of two young Vietnamese boys killed—murdered?—by Caputo's men, perhaps and perhaps not on Caputo's orders.)

A friend of Caputo's, having watched a certain number of his friends die in great pain, shot an old Vietnamese woman in the chest with his pistol, killing her. She had spit on his tunic, by accident, betel juice. He told Caputo: "Phil, the gun went off by itself. You know, it really bothers me." Caputo replied that it should. "No, that isn't what I mean. I mean the thing that bothers me about killing her is that it doesn't bother me." As Caputo watched half a dozen of his men mutilated by a mine, he developed "a hatred for everything in existence except those men." I think I understand him.

The hatred was, as he says, generalized. He hated me and he hated you, and he hated the people who had sent him and his friends to war. The hatred was relentlessly and with calculation irritated, and channeled toward one target, an "enemy." It was exacerbated by the absurd, debasing, frivolous nature of that miserable war. Caputo and his friends watched two factions of the South Vietnamese fight for control of Saigon, beheld "in utter disbelief" an "ARVN fighter plane strafing an ARVN truck convoy." It was as though those people had studied warfare not under von Clausewitz but under Joseph Heller; and the role of Milo Minderbinder was being played by the Americans, and their agents, the marines.

One day Caputo was marching his platoon along a trail, and passed the order back down the line: "Don't bunch up." By the time it reached the rear it was garbled: "Burn the hut." And a hut was burned. Later the atrocities were not accidental, unless the declension of an army into a mob can be called accidental. Frustration, fear, pain and exhaustion begot vengeance, and finally a kind of insanity: During a fierce battle in Ha Na "it happened. The platoon exploded. It was a collective emotional detonation of men who had been pushed to the extremity of endurance. I lost control of them and even of myself. Desperate to get to the hill, we rampaged through the rest of the village, whooping like savages, torching thatch huts, tossing grenades into the cement houses we could not burn." They burned the huts of 200 people: "Of all the ugly sights I saw in Vietnam, that was one of the ugliest: the sudden disintegration of my platoon from a group of disciplined soldiers into an incendiary mob."

War feeds insanity. The proposition is so obvious as to be tautological. Yet war itself, and its conditions, were given no place in extenuation at Caputo's trial. To open that subject would be to open "a can of worms." Civilized combat must be oxymoronic. What, save a chivalric tournament, might "civilized combat" be?

A Rumor of War is not only precious for its moral depth and gravity, it is also a battle narrative of the first rank. Caputo's recollection of the revealing sign and tic is sure. He writes of the "cough" as a mortar leaves its tube, and you may be sure that is indeed the noise. He recalls the sky on a hot day during patrol, "a blazing aluminum lid clamped over the world." He notices what green meant to marines near Da Nang, not innocence or foison or hope, but relentlessness, hopelessness, a vegetable malignancy. He recollects the *cafard*, an unutterable weariness, and the blank expression it provoked, the "thousand-yard stare." Another writer has reported that many marines in that part of the world were killed, and on their bodies were found letters from home they had carried unread for days. Thus wasted, such walking dead might talk as Caputo remembers having heard them talk: "Fuck it. They woulda zapped us, so we zapped them. Sorry about that." And Caputo? Now? "Recovery has been less than total." How are *you* doing, Bundy? McNamara? Rusk?

Cool Look

Continued from page 30

opposite of Frank Frazetta, the fantasy painter; there are no luridly voluptuous maidens in *Star Wars,* no stud warriors with the body of Arnold Schwarzenegger and the face of Attila the Hun. Frazetta takes figures out of old cheesecake and beefcake art, and turns them into an apotheosis of a pre-adolescent boy's clammy dreams. (The Frazetta kid doesn't build model planes—he sniffs glue.) But these paintings jump off the paperback covers into your gut memory; they live hard and breathe heavily. The *Star Wars* hero and heroine are automaton cuties. Lucas believes in the world he fabricated but not the people who inhabit it. Maybe the Old Hollywood directors didn't believe in their make-believe stories, but often enough they could make moviegoers believe in them. That need to believe has died, and we're left with Mark Hamill and Carrie Fisher—holograms that can do everything but touch you.

Oddly enough, *Star Wars* becomes an engaging entertainment (as opposed to a supermarket of dazzling special effects) when it crossbreeds the fantasy film with another hoary genre: the Western. Early on, the movie looks to be heading toward an extraterrestrial remake of John Ford's *The Searchers.* And then, with the appearance of ace pilot Han Solo—with a voice, a swagger and dialogue patterned on the cynical loners John Wayne played for Ford—the movie actually develops a sense of humor, and a little behavioral resonance. Even if you didn't know a *Star Wars* sequel was in the works, you'd want Solo to hang around, if only to save the spunky Leia from our hero, the California clone. But though the movie earns its laughs, it doesn't elicit tears—or, for that matter, the feeling of elation the final ceremonial scene works so hard for. It's the only cheap thing in the movie: the audience onscreen applauds to trigger applause in the theater. Control surrenders at last to manipulation.

The problem with writing about *Star Wars* is that you can define what's wrong with the film (its post-humanist emptiness) but you can't describe what's right (the protean richness of its design). The movie is more than the sum of its art. It's a marriage of creative and mechanical virtuosity that is the American capitalist ideal. *Star Wars* is that rare multimillion-dollar epic that can be called the vision of one man; it's also the most impressive kind of collaborative effort. The money shows on the screen, and so do the skills of something like 300 anonymous artisans. And *that's* how Lucas has evoked the Golden Age of the American cinema. *Star Wars* never quite brings an old Hollywood genre back to life, but it may be the most gorgeous movie sarcophagus ever made—by man or machine. ●

Music

Garland Jeffreys' songs of city life

By Ken Emerson

At 33, Garland Jeffreys is hardly a household word, which is why it's more than a little humorous (and poignant) that his new album, *Ghost Writer* (A&M), begins with the lines, "Star of stage and screen/Live and well on the pop scene/You know your number's due/A teenage fantasy come true."* *Ghost Writer* is so superb that Jeffreys may at long last realize that dream—which is only partly tongue-in-cheek. Until now, though, his career has been a nightmare.

Despite favorable reviews, his first solo album sank like a stone in 1973. A subsequent single, the punk paean "Wild in the Streets," came heartbreakingly close to becoming a hit, but no cigar. Jeffreys soon found himself without a record contract. Thereafter the first artist to be signed to Clive Davis' Arista label, he was given the chance to make just one single, a misguided attempt at West Indian disco, and was then summarily dropped. Until the A&M deal came along, he was scuffling in clubs, "opening for *anybody*," and today he has few illusions about the record business. "Go from company to company and you'll see that they don't support their acts as a matter of course. They throw a record up against the wall, and if it bounces off with a bullet, they start to pump something into it—*maybe*. We've all been victims of that."

Why has Jeffreys, whose other interests include Renaissance art, film and writing fiction, and who certainly could have found a more rewarding way to make a living, kept plugging away into virtual middle age? Perhaps because pop music is the only medium eclectic and elastic enough to allow him to be himself. Lolling on a settee in his New York studio apartment, Jeffreys explained, "I have a very mixed-up racial family. My father is a mulatto. My mother is the product of a Puerto Rican mother and a mulatto father. The blackness, I believe, comes from the West Indies. I have relatives in St. Thomas and in Jamaica. And all the brothers and sisters on my mother's side married interracially. One uncle even married an Italian."

Jeffreys' parents divorced when he was still an infant, and he didn't see his father again for 23 years. "I had sort of been on his trail. I didn't know where he was, but I had been thinking about him. So suddenly one morning I get this call. This is eight years ago. 'Hello, Garland?' I said, 'Yeah.' He says, 'This is Bill.' I said, 'What do you mean?' 'This is your father, Bill.' I said, 'Holy shit! I don't believe this, man. God! How are you?' I was stunned. He said, 'Well, I'm at work right now. When can we get together?' I said, 'How about tonight?'

"It was a wild experience. I was nervous about it all day. And I had these friends drive me up there. They let me off and I got out, and he had this doorman's suit on. He's a doorman! Everything I'm against! I looked at him, and he looks exactly like me. The same eyes.

Jeffreys: "If these guys can do it, I can do it"

"And then we went out that night. We got drunk together and it was quite an eventful, emotional experience. He took me into his neighborhood a couple of times and showed me the kind of people he knew and stuff. It had nothing to do with my life. It was not my life. Weird."

Ghost Writer is Jeffrey's *Roots* in a way, segueing from rock 'n' roll to R&B to reggae to flamenco-style guitar. It's hard to imagine another art form permitting such diversity. As he shifts on the record from a Brooklyn to a Jamaican to a Latin American accent, Jeffreys' voice juxtaposes and partially reconciles the divisions within himself and within America. He's not, however, promoting the sickly sweet harmony of a Coke jingle. "It's not utopianism," he insists. "I'm a realist, an extreme realist. Maybe a little *too* real." Indeed, his most innocuous lines sometime conceal disclaimers Jeffreys maintains are unintentional. Thus "Cool Down Boy" proclaims that "No love is lost/Between the black and white/We got rock an' roll music/No sign of a streetfight.'"* But that colloquial phrase, "No love is lost," is double-edged. Jeffreys himself recognized only afterward the dramatic irony of his singing, for the first time in public, "I May Not Be Your Kind" to a roomful of white, middle-class Long Islanders:

I see a little white girl on a downtown
street
Searching for a lover man so fine and
sweet
Show me baby all those riches you got
A little black boy gonna tell you thanks
*a lot.**

Does Jeffreys regret that his listeners, at least thus far, are almost exclusively white? "It doesn't frustrate me at all. It's something that I've dealt with all my life. I'm black—you can call me a mixed breed, so to speak—but most of my friends have always been white." That was certainly true at Syracuse, where Jeffreys attended college and befriended Lou Reed. "I was a New York, snobbish kid who was first becoming well-acquainted with the Village and Nina Simone, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, Sonny Rollins. I was into my jazz phase, I'd heard Miles, and here I was, like hip, so to speak, going to Syracuse and being *thoroughly* disappointed. It was barren, barren. No culture!"

Jeffreys had done some singing in high school and Frankie ("Why Do Fools Fall in Love?") Lymon had been an early idol, "but I was too indoctrinated to think that I was ever going to do something with it. I was in college for a reason: to get an education and do something with my life. But there were a lot of bands up there in Syracuse. You had Felix Cavaliere's band, Lou Reed was L.A. and the Eldorados at the time. . . . There was a bunch of little groups that played fraternity parties and stuff and made a living. It wasn't funky, it wasn't England in '62 or anything like that, but I thought, 'Shit. If these guys can do it, I can do it.'"

For a while, however, Jeffreys' love of rock 'n' roll was rivaled by his interest in the Italian Renaissance, about which he still talks with enthusiastic awe. "It's just the ultimate time, aside from maybe ancient

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Greece. It's really exciting, with all the great artists. . . ." Jeffreys studied for a year in Florence and, after graduating from Syracuse, was accepted by New York's Institute of Fine Arts, where he planned to study iconography. "But I was lucky enough to spend the summer in the city prior to going to school. And in the East Village I got totally swayed out of academia. That's when I started performing. It was very exciting then in the East Village. So I went to school for a week and I quit."

That was in 1965, and except for a brief, "unhappy" interlude with a group called Grinder's Switch ("We stole as much as we could from [the Band's] *Big Pink*"), he's been out there on his own ever since. Twelve years of often bitter experience give *Ghost Writer* an extraordinary authority and intensity. Recorded in less than three weeks with a band comprising some of New York's finest sessionmen, it's as polished and assured as a months-long production. On the rockers the guitars (played by Alan Freedman, Hugh McCracken and coproducer David Spinozza) buzz like a seething hive. And the reggae rings authentically, thanks largely to the presence of drummer Winston Grennan and, on keyboards, Earl "Wire" Lindo, Jamaicans who have worked with Jimmy Cliff, Bob Marley and Paul Simon. Whereas the political protest of Jamaican reggae is usually at a safe remove from its American fans, most of whom would be hard-put to name the island's prime minister, Jeffreys makes the music hit home by applying it to political and personal problems in the States.

The album's outstanding cut, however, is "Spanish Town," an exploration at once rhapsodic and realistic of Latin American life. The elaborate arrangement includes a classical guitar, sweeping strings and a parody of Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass; the evocation of romance and repression south of the border is an oblique indictment of white pop musicians' idle, often racist fantasies about sultry senoritas.

Despite the Jamaican and Latin American influences, *Ghost Writer* is far from being uncommercially exotic. It's finally about city life in the U.S., and Jeffreys calls it "urban music. It's about racial confusion, racial strife, racial problems that exist all over the country." It's also a quintessentially New York album, recalling the melting pots stirred in the sixties by the Rascals and Laura Nyro, who mixed pop, rock, R&B and occasionally a Latin beat. Of course New York has recently come to represent punk rock in the popular imagination. "As far as punk rock is concerned," says Jeffreys, "I feel that 'Wild in the Streets' came before Bruce Springsteen and CBGB and Patti Smith and all that stuff. And I think that 'Wild in the Streets' speaks for itself."

Records

By Jim Miller

★★ **In Your Mind,** *Bryan Ferry* (Atlantic); ★★★ **Peter Gabriel** (Atco); ★ **Malice in Wonderland,** *Paice, Ashton, Lord* (Warner Bros.); ★★ **Vicious But Fair,** *Streetwalkers* (Mercury); ★★★ **Clark, Sylvester, Hicks, Calvert, Elliot,** *Hollies* (Epic). As the seventies wane, the British rock scene seems nearly as wan as the British economy. Avant-gardists fight rearguard holding actions, as nouveau oldtimers try flying solo. Bryan Ferry, a veteran of this game, trundles out formulas familiar from his salad days with Roxy Music, but the thrill is gone; *In Your Mind* lacks the narcotic elan of last year's *Let's Stick Together*, or the debonair flash of Roxy's best work. Peter Gabriel, formerly of arty old Genesis, at least risks some shockers: would you believe bristling hard rock? Although his parodies and lyrics still can sound pompous, "Slowburn" and "Solsbury Hill" salvage his solo debut, with a little help from guitarists Steve Hunter and Robert Fripp.

Some limey vets, like Paice, Ashton, Lord, take the moniker-salad approach pioneered by England's Graham Nash with the Yankees Crosby and Stills. Paice and Lord used to populate Deep Purple, while Ashton hails from Family, but the whole is smaller than its parts; Ashton's vocals sound lumpy, and Lord's bombast on keyboards fails to charm. Speaking of Family, another possibility for old wine is simply new bottles and a namelift: Streetwalkers basically consists of former Family-mates Roger Chapman, who has a voice like a gorilla, and Charlie Whitney, guitarist and co-composer with Chapman of Family/Streetwalkers' material. Although there's nothing too memorable on Streetwalkers' third album, a gorilla singing a rock lullaby entitled "Chili-Con-Carne" is my idea of a good joke—I admire Chapman's *style*.

To look at one new album's title—*Clark, Sylvester*, etc.—you'd think we had yet another band of last-name hotshots. But it turns out to be our old friends the Hollies, with nine new songs spearheaded by an oldie, Bruce Springsteen's "Sandy." Rock's funny: if you wait long enough, reruns of a dated style begin to sound fresh, unique, even innovative; anyway, this is the best Hollies album since Graham Nash left in 1968.

What Dual owners know about their turntables that you should know about yours.

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Mouth watering/By Arthur Lubow

Food

When the waiter in the chic restaurant asks for cocktail orders, you point to the oddly shaped green bottle on several nearby tables. "Perrier," he explains. "I'll try it," you say, with your most sophisticated smile. As he pours the clear, fizzy liquid over ice cubes and adds a wedge of lime, you smile approvingly. Then you taste it. You can't believe it. You swallow some more. There can be no doubt. The bottle and the bubbles and the lime are unable to mask this impostor. They promised you a fancy aperitif. They have given you *water*. Is Perrier the emperor's new drink?

Once you've recovered from that first gulp of surprise, though, you may find yourself gulping down another bottle. In beverages as in buildings, less is more. The rising popularity of Perrier and other imported waters owes as much to what they lack as to what they offer. Bottled water has no calories, no additives, no flavorings, no sugar or artificial sweeteners. It doesn't rot your teeth or swell your belly. For the businessman who wants a clear head or the dieter who wants a sleek body, water is what to order.

Last year Americans drank $175 million worth of bottled water. That figure is dwarfed by the $10 billion in soft-drink sales, but it still adds up to a lot of liquid. Some stores now stock a dozen brands or more. Before wading through the selection, you should know a few things to look for.

Some waters are effervescent or "sparkling"; others are uncarbonated or "still." Sparkling waters dominate the relatively small (under $3 million a year) trade in imports. They are enjoyed as a beverage or a drink mixer. Most sparkling waters are naturally carbonated with gas trapped at the spring, but a few natural waters (like San Pellegrino) bubble with the help of carbon dioxide.

Almost all domestic water is still water, and it is used as a replacement for tap water. "Bottled water in this country is mainly a service business to provide cold water for offices, factories and schools," says John Scott, president of Mountain Valley Water. Only one-fourth of domestic bottled water (including Mountain Valley and Deer Park) is natural spring water, which gurgles crystal clear out of the ground. The rest is reconstituted water, which spills out of a giant processing vat. Through reverse osmosis, deionization or distillation, ordinary tap water is cleansed of most mineral and organic impurities. It's then more healthful, but boring—only your steam iron will find it palatable. The bottler adds some minerals for taste, and his artificially reconstituted "spring type" water is ready for the marketplace. Most of it never reaches the grocery shelf. It is trucked in large containers directly to homes or businesses.

Sales of domestic water have been riding on the wave of the environmental movement. In 1969, when health foods were becoming an important slice of the food industry, Coca-Cola of Los Angeles bought Arrowhead Puritas, Coca-Cola national headquarters in Atlanta acquired Belmont Springs, Borden's took over Crystal Springs and Nestle purchased Deer Park. In nutritionally conscious southern California (where most tap water tastes bad and the bottling companies advertise heavily), 1 out of 6 people drink bottled water, compared with 1 out of 1,400 nationwide.

The health case for bottled water was strengthened in November 1974, when the Environmental Protection Agency announced it had discovered possible carcinogens in the drinking water of 95 percent of the 80 cities it surveyed. In New Orleans, which received the worst rating, a bottled water distributor soon reported that business was 15 to 20 times the normal level. Whenever a local water supply is criticized publicly, as in the Virginia kepone scare or the Duluth asbestos controversy, bottled water sales go up. After the carbon tetrachloride spill in the Ohio River last February, an Evansville, Indiana, distributor said that his bottled-water business had doubled at least.

Unfortunately, processing water does not always remove dangerous contaminants. Bob Harris of the Environmental Defense Fund says that lead, cadmium and organic chemicals may remain in some locally bottled waters. "But in cities like Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Miami and New Orleans," he says, "it would be hard to produce a bottled water that is worse than the city water."

Unlike domestic waters, the more expensive imports—most of which are sparkling—do not compete against tap water. They are trying to bump Coke, beer and vodka. You don't drink them to escape the rusty, tepid discharge from your faucet. You savor them for their taste.

MANHATTAN
Perrier
Poland Natural Mineral Water
Ramlösa
Great Bear
SARATOGA VICHY WATER
Mountain Valley Water

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

You may also look to them for relief from an astonishing variety of ailments. Although the Food and Drug Administration forbids the health-related advertising that foreign waters employ in Europe, savvy Americans know that Michelangelo attributed his recovery from kidney stones in 1549 to his regimen of Fiuggi water. Chic dieters may swig Contrexeville, a Perrier-owned water that is supposed to help take off pounds. Lovers of Evian, the world's number one seller, are promised relief from a host of afflictions, including gout, kidney disease and eczema. The salty Vichy Celestins is said to be good for the stomach, the lightly fluoridated Badoit good for the teeth. And all natural spring waters, because of their mineral content, are thought by some doctors to help prevent cardiovascular disease.

Although these waters' curative powers are well-established in folklore, they are still unproven in laboratories. But their excellent taste you can verify for yourself. The easiest import to sample is Perrier, which already accounts for one-third of imported water sales and will soon expand dramatically. Starting this summer, Perrier will be sold in supermarkets for about 65 cents for a 23-ounce bottle, or two-thirds of its present price. The supporting advertising campaign features a 30-second television commercial narrated by Orson Welles. The ads will stress "health with an emphasis on natural," says Bruce Nevins, president of the American subsidiary of Perrier. The French company hopes that by lowering prices it can capture a substantial portion of the American soft-drink market.

Even at a lowered price, Perrier may have trouble competing with cheaper soft drinks and club sodas. Nevins says that 35 to 40 percent of the product's cost goes for transportation. In this country, the soaring cost of transportation has favored the growth of processed waters. Although natural spring water spews out free to the supplier, it comes from one stationary source. To cut trucking costs, it's much easier to purify whatever water you find in your market community.

Perrier studies reveal that consumers are intrigued most by the natural gas that sparkles in the beverage. At the Perrier spring in Vergeze, the gas that bubbles out of the ground is capped and then pumped into the bottles of water. It would obviously save money to ship just the gas from France and to carbonate American spring water with it. Nevins says that plan is being considered.

It's a precarious balance. You don't want the water to be too expensive, and yet. . . . "We're a little worried that when we go down in price, we may lose some of our elan," Nevins confesses. "Elan" is a euphemism for snob appeal. To the man who thinks of his chemise Lacoste as a cloth background for the alligator, "elan" is very important. Should Perrier become declasse, there are dozens of delicious imported waters to replace it—among them, Lacoste water, with the famous reptile on the label. Excellent sparkling waters (all of them less effervescent than the aggressively bubbly Perrier) include Badoit (French), Ramlosa (Swedish), Tehuacan (Mexican) and Apollinaris (German). Among still waters, Evian (French) and Fiuggi (Italian) have their deservedly loyal fans. All of these waters are lightly mineralized and will pleasantly surprise the novice who anticipates a medicinal taste. Try one with a wedge of lime or a slice of lemon. Water is a luxury everyone can afford. ●

★ JERRY JEFF ★

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A Man Must Carry On

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A MAN MUST CARRY
★ JERRY JEFF ★

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MCA RECORDS

A dime for your thoughts/By Jim Wright

Final Tribute

Amid the bent paperclips and WIN buttons, they lie lifeless and brown on dresser-tops the country over, buried in countless desk drawers, in empty chianti jugs, in the cracks between sofa cushions. Toll booths reject them. Pandhandlers ignore them. Shoppers avoid them. Pennies, long the bedrock of American coinage, have sunk irrevocably below inflation's bottom line.

Visit a penny arcade. Pinball games go two for a quarter, your weight and fortune cost a fortune, and you're lucky to find a Hershey Bar for under two bits. The penny's plight has become self-evident: aside from a rare gumball machine, its value is strictly small change. If not for sales and the marketing psychology of selling items for, say, 99 cents instead of a dollar, the dear old Lincoln cent would be defunct already.

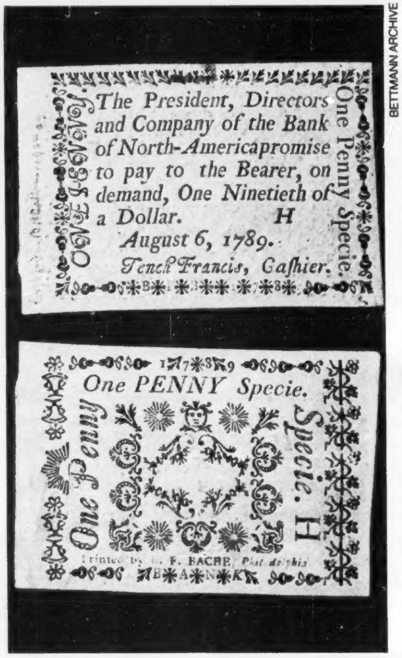
The penny survives by mint of habit. It has jingled in America's pockets since 1793 and spent much of its youth the size of a quarter. It has endured well beyond such nobler coins as the silver cartwheel and the $20 gold piece, even withstanding a severe copper shortage during World War II.

As recently as a generation ago, the penny carried clout. It was the most popular piece of change in any kid's dungarees, fetching a wad of Dubble Bubble, a baseball card or a pretzel stick at the corner store, yet expendable enough that it could be pitched against the nearest schoolyard wall or placed under the wheels of the 3:45 local.

Although the first perceptible change in the penny's fortunes came a decade ago, when teenagers started putting dimes in their penny loafers, its finest hour came three years ago, when copper prices spiraled. Wagering that the penny's copper content would surpass its face value, speculators grabbed every cent they could find. Cents were so scarce that some stores redeemed two rolls of fifty for $1.25. The situation was too good to last. Copper prices leveled off and the penny hit the skids again. Today, a nickel buys what a penny did during the Depression.

The U.S. Mint continues to crank out 10 billion pennies a year, but even the new ones have lost their luster. A recent study by the Research Triangle Institute, "A Comprehensive Review of the U.S. Coinage System Requirements to 1990," echoes what every consumer has known for three years: copper pennies are the wooden nickels of the seventies. As the report, commissioned by the Treasury Department, states bluntly, "RTI recommends that cent production be terminated by 1980."

At a cost to taxpayers of $125,000, RTI found that pennies "are becoming increasingly costly to manufacture and circulate, and less useful in commerce." The researchers also reported that the Mint can barely make pennies as fast as collectors, hoarders and consumers take them out of circulation. By 1990, 80 percent of the pennies manufactured—some 8 billion—will be gulped up by numismatists and piggy banks.



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RTI's most telling argument is pure dollars and cents. By 1982, a penny probably won't be worth the copper it's printed on; by 1990, a penny would cost nearly two cents to make.

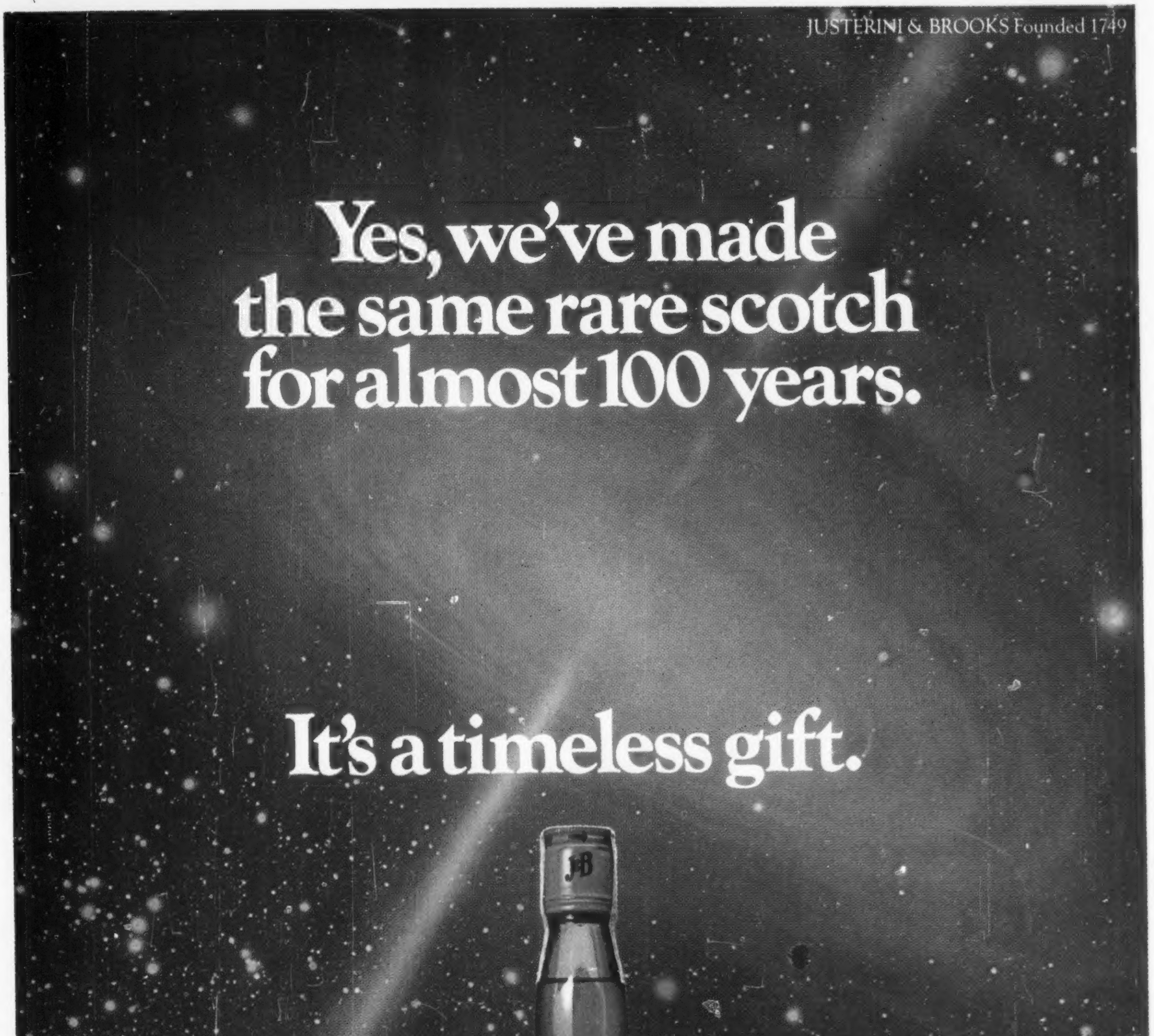
The jury on the penny is still out. Congress wants to hold hearings and the Treasury Department wants to poll public opinion before reaching a verdict. If the penny is axed, RTI recommends that all purchases be rounded off to the nearest nickel—if a bill comes to $1.77, you'd pay $1.75; if it's a $1.78, you'd pay $1.80. But penny pricing will be a tough habit to kick. After all the talk about rounding off numbers, the Mint is selling the RTI report for $24.09. Another drawback: 80 percent of the banks and businesses polled by RTI oppose offing the penny—the move, they claim, would fuel inflation because retailers would naturally round their prices *up*.

The alternatives, two-cent coins and aluminum pennies, don't stand much of a chance. When two-cent pieces were introduced during the Civil War, they were as well-received as the Union Army was at Bull Run. Aluminum pennies are opposed by both vending-machine operators and pediatricians. The venders say the aluminum versions would mess up their machines and would be too hard to count alongside copper coins, because pennies are counted by weight these days. Pediatricians oppose aluminum because the one thing pennies are still good for is swallowing, and aluminum coins wouldn't show up well on fluoroscopes.

Already the Mint has been bombarded with telephone calls opposing the elimination of the penny, not only from those who fear inflation (the old heads-they-win, tails-we-lose argument), but also from those who worry about the cultural effects. Says the Mint's Jim Parker: "A few people phoned to tell us we couldn't get rid of the penny because ditching something as old as the country would be un-American. They wanted to know what would happen to the slogans that built this country—would they be changed to 'A nickel saved is a nickel earned' and 'A dime for your thoughts'?" The callers may sound a bit cranky, but they do underline the penny's impact. Its true value is not so much in its purchasing power but in its very pennyness. If the penny is canned, what will you use to electrocute yourself when a fuse blows? What will you scrape together when you're down to your last dime, the bank's closed, and you're in need of a beer?

These considerations no doubt will be drowned out by more practical aspects of centicide. Someday, the penny must be put out to pasture permanently. Even now, the penny is as worthless as one Raleigh coupon, a 10-cent stamp, or a gift certificate from W.T. Grant's.

Perhaps the only solution is to cash in our pennies now and toe the line that journalist Franklin P. Adams coined in 1932: "What this country needs is a good five-cent nickel." ●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